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Environment and Human Activity

A STUDY OF HISTORY. By Arnold J. Toynbee. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. 3 vols. $17.50.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

THE course of history depends on man's relation to his geographical environment as well as to his fellow men. The mere fact of being widely separated keeps nations apart, whereas near neighbors not only fight but stimulate one another. Floods or storms may cause the failure of a military campaign. Gold, spices, tobacco, or cotton may induce migrations of both people and culture. In recognition of this relationship, the first chapters of a vast number of histories are geographical, while maps are essential in modern historical textbooks. Nevertheless, after the introductory chapters historians usually forget their geography, aside from the mere location of places. Payne, to be sure, in his "History of the New World Called America" attempted a real analysis of geography and history, but his work was never finished. Buckle attempted a corresponding synthesis, but his facts were insufficient, and he greatly overrated the determinative force of geographical environment. In spite of other excellent efforts, such as Barker's "National Character," there is as yet no real philosophy of history and geography.

In "A Study of History" Dr. Arnold J. Toynbee, Director of Research in the Royal Institute of International Affairs and Research Professor of International History in the University of London, makes a successful attempt at such a philosophy. An introductory volume dealing with types of civilization and the origin of civilization in general is followed by two volumes dealing respectively with the genesis and growth of specific civilizations. Eight more volumes are promised. If these maintain the high level of the first three, the work as a whole will present not only a full-fledged philosophy of history, but a superb collection of pertinent and well arranged details as to the interplay of human activity and geographic environment. Such a study is possible only to a man like Dr. Toynbee, who combines the historian's marvellously wide reading and extraordinary grasp of details with the geographer's intimate knowledge of the world and sympathetic appreciation of the handicaps of physical environment.

According to Dr. Toynbee, man's activity is the dominant factor in historical development, but this activity is called forth by the challenge of both the geographic and the human environment. Both environments change from century to century. Geographical changes may be of natural origin, as in the case of climatic fluctuations and erosion of the soil, or of human origin, as in that of the clearing of forests, the building of canals, or the reclamation of swamps like that of the old Nile Valley. The human changes carry man from one stage of culture to another, so that a geographic environment which is harsh and repressive today may be highly favorable tomorrow.

In setting forth his philosophy Dr. Toynbee first inquires into the "intelligible fields of historical study." The history of Great Britain, for example, is genuinely intelligible only in connection with that of Western Europe and the new colonial regions across the sea. On the other hand, a knowledge of Chinese or Peruvian history is of little help in understanding

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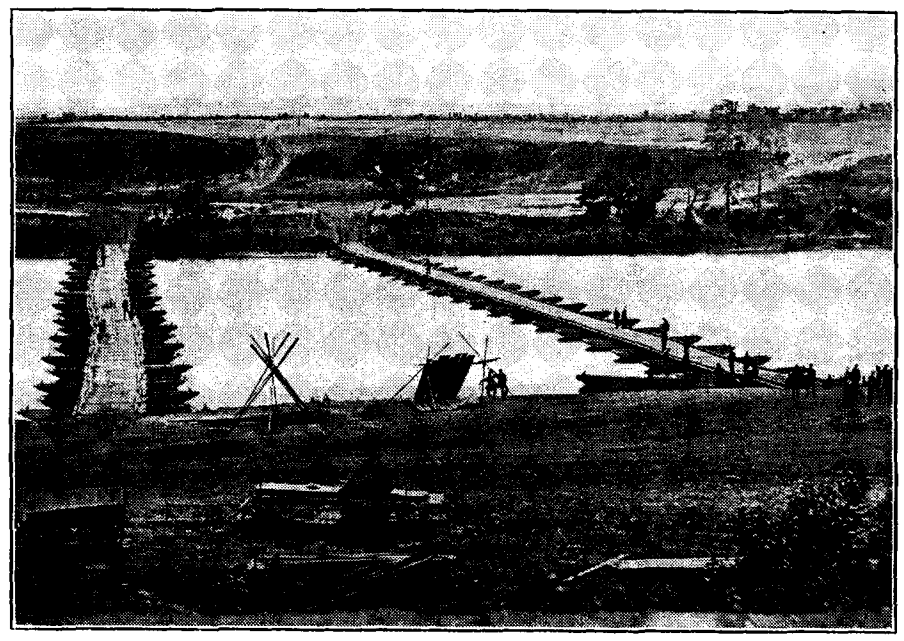

FEDERAL PONTOON BRIDGES BELOW FREDERICKSBURG
Photograph taken in June, 1863, negative by T. H. O'Sullivan.—From "R. E. Lee," by Douglas S. Freeman

Lee: a Psychological Problem

BY LIDDELL HART

MR. FREEMAN'S biography* of Robert E. Lee is certainly a great achievement and will remain an indispensable work of reference. The military student, in particular, will find immense value in following the operations and will be enthralled in the process. Thanks to the author's method, he will be able to follow the campaigns as if he were standing at Lee's side. Thus, as a work of military history, I have no hesitation in ranking it almost in a class by itself. I do not know whether Mr. Freeman has any military experience, but I must candidly admit that his handling of military history makes many of the books written by generals look amateurish, in comparative understanding of war.

Whether this book will earn a place in the very front rank of biographies is, so far as the first two volumes enable a judgment, of more doubt. So far as I can judge, without pretence to have explored the records of the campaigns in the East as fully as those of the West, Mr. Freeman has been stupendously thorough in his historical research. His work is a compendium of all, or nearly all, the data that can be gathered about Lee's career: it does immense credit to his industry. And the serious military student will rarely feel that the data concerning the operations are too abundant. But, from a biographical point of view, I can see no point in burdening the reader with many of the details here incorporated, especially in the first volume. They add nothing of significance, but rather detract, by obscuring what is of significance.

Mr. Freeman's critical power is marked but uneven. It is refreshing to find a biography where the hero's failings and failures are recognized when setting forth his qualities and achievements. In this respect, Freeman's "Lee" offers a convincing contrast to Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson." Throughout, one's admiration is evoked by the biographer's sense of justice and his obvious care to hold the balance fairly between his subject and other men.

Another of Mr. Freeman's virtues is that he has a sense of time. Too many biographers of great men of action are apt to assume that, because their subject did great deeds, all his deeds at any time were on the same plane. Even Churchill's "Marlborough" fails to bring out the evolution that becomes apparent to the critical reader. But Mr. Freeman effectively traces the development, with growing experience, of Lee's military skill. Perhaps, he does not so well perceive its limits—these limits are implicit in what Mr. Freeman tells us of Lee's education and character, but are only in part expressed in a short sketch of Lee's "points" at the outset of the Civil War.

> Admirable as was the training of Lee it was not complete. He had scant knowledge of militia and little experience with hastily trained volunteers, wide as was his acquaintance with inexpert civilian labor. Only the regular soldier did he know well. Again, from the narrowness of his subordinate command, there was danger that his view would be microscopic. In the third place, all his battle experience had been on the offensive, though the situation and comparative weakness of the South were to compel it to hold to a defensive in the larger sense of the word. Furthermore, having labored so long on detached projects, he was disposed to do work that could have been passed on to others. Most of all was he lacking in any detailed knowledge of the service of supply . . . Nor had he and most of the other Confederate leaders been reared in a society that gave them a background for this homely but essential part of the work of a successful commanding general.
>
> . . . With Lee's excellent training in some directions set down in one column and his lack of equipment in some particulars placed opposite it, any person who knew him intimately would have said that the man who was now approaching Richmond would show himself a fine strategist, though he might perhaps be a bit theoretical, a popular leader though not a facile tactician—in short, an excellent man to organize an army, to make reconnaissance, and to plan battles, but an unknown quantity in handling troops in action. What surprises one who studies the military education of Lee is the entire absence of anything to forecast his great skill in troop movements. His experience in logistics had been confined to what he had observed in Mexico, where no railroad existed, coupled with the little he had learned during the Harpers Ferry insurrection. Yet from the hour he had

(*Continued on page 367*)

* *R. E. LEE. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Vols. I & II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.75 each volume.*

Who Said It?

THE HOME BOOK OF QUOTATIONS, CLASSICAL AND MODERN. Selected and arranged by Burton Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1934. $10.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER D. NOYES

BURTON STEVENSON has hitherto been known to readers through his "Home Book of Verse," published in 1922, and his smaller "Home Book of Modern Verse," dated 1925. Both of these books were collections, not of familiar poetical passages but of complete poems, many of them unfamiliar to the general reader but selected for their literary merit. In his new volume, "Home Book of Quotations," Mr. Stevenson enters a very different field, in which his work will have to bear comparison with such older standard works as Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" or Benham's "Dictionary of Classified Quotations." It may be said at once that Stevenson's new book of quotations is the most complete of any similar work thus far published. It not only carries citation of familiar sayings practically up to date (well-known passages from speeches of Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt are included) but in many instances it greatly extends investigation into the more distant origin or pedigree of well-known aphorisms uttered by speakers or writers of comparatively recent times. To any one interested in pursuit of that fascinating study, the book will be indispensable.

Some aspects of the collection invite less favorable criticism; chiefly, however, regarding manner of presentation. The book is itself too large for easy reference. Even with the light paper used, 2,605 pages in a single volume bring it to a physical weight which prevents the reader from consulting it comfortably unless he spreads it on a table. Possibly this was inevitable; collections of familiar quotations depend so greatly for their value on an easily accessible index that the inclusion in one volume of the complete text and the index may have been imperative. Unlike Bartlett, who groups his quotations under their respective authors, Stevenson places his under the general subject to which the quotations apply. For this method there is undoubtedly much to say. Many readers will prefer

This Week

LETTERS FROM GREENROOM GHOSTS
By JOHN MASON BROWN
Reviewed by John Corbin

AUDENSPENDER: A Poem
By DAVID McCORD

FIRE ON THE ANDES
By CARLETON BEALS
Reviewed by Philip Ainsworth Means

SO BRED THE HEROES
By CHRISTOPHER WARD

ANNE OF ENGLAND
By M. R. HOPKINSON
Reviewed by David Owen

THE SAAR STRUGGLE
By MICHAEL T. FLORINSKY
Reviewed by Edgar Packard Dean

DR. WATSON'S SECRET
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

WILLIAM HAZLITT
By JACOB ZEITLIN

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to see what the whole race of epigrammatic authors have said of Love, for instance, or Government, or Religion, or War. Probably that is altogether true of those who consult the book when preparing speeches or writings of their own. Yet classification by topics rather than by authors largely destroys the charm of consecutive reading which attaches to Bartlett. A collection thus arranged serves rather as dictionary than as anthology.

To the searcher after authorship of famous sayings, completeness of the index largely determines the value of any such collection. Mr. Stevenson's index covers 201 pages, but the reader will soon discover that many perfectly familiar quotations, which occur in the body of the book, are not cited in his index. The preface to the book suggests that, in such cases, the quotation may be traced either through the topical heading under which it would presumably appear, or through the supplementary list of authors cited, giving numbers of the pages on which citations from each occur. But when, for instance, quotations under the caption Death fill forty-one consecutive pages, and when the numerical page references under Webster, in the index by authors, foot up forty-six, it will readily be seen what labor may be imposed by search for a passage which the main quotation index missed. As might be expected, this difficulty is greatest with quotations from the classics. Some of the most familiar Latin aphorisms are untraceable.

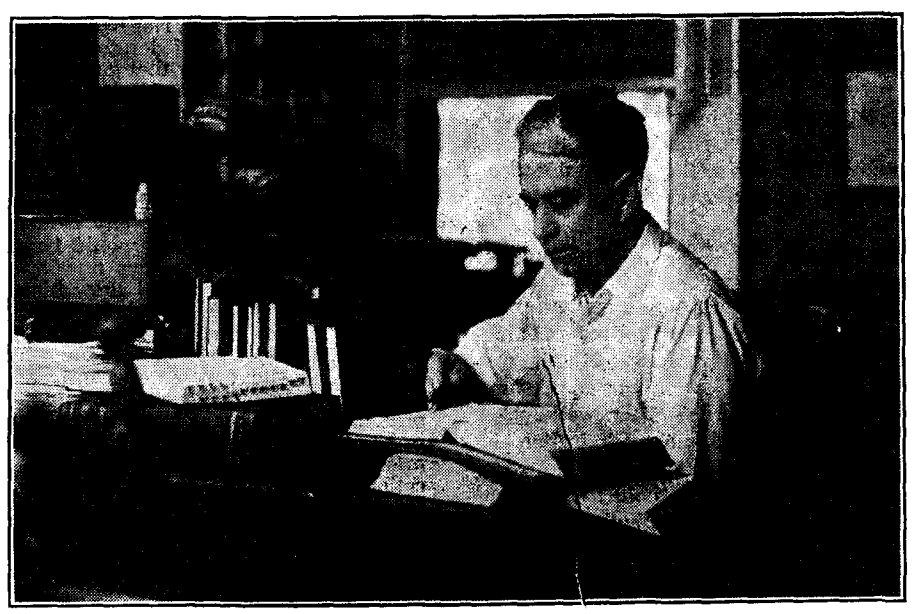
If Mr. Stevenson's book goes to a second edition, these are remediable faults. Taken as it stands, the collection is remarkably thorough and far-reaching. In particular, its political quotations far surpass in completeness those of any previous collection. Among traditional "campaign slogans" the date, origin, circumstance, and sometimes pedigree are documented for such watchwords as "Fifty-four-forty or fight," "Rum, romanism and rebellion," "Four years more of [illegible]" "Too proud to fight," and President Hoover's unlucky inaugural passage of 1929, prophesying early abolition of poverty, are correctly entered, with date and occasion of their utterance.

"Just for a scrap of paper" now appears, with the full circumstance of its origin. The contemporary phrase "Brain trust," nowadays on everybody's lips as describing the more or less innovating economic experts with whom the White House has surrounded itself, is correctly ascribed, as regards its origin, to Mr. James Kieran of The New York *Times*. But Stevenson does not set down the circumstances under which the term originated. It was first used in August of 1932 at Hyde Park, where Kieran was one of the correspondents encamped around Governor Franklin Roosevelt's vacation residence. Commenting on the handful of advisers, chiefly Columbia professors, who were at that time visiting the governor with suggestions for his presidential campaign speeches, Kieran had remarked: "The brain trust." Governor Roosevelt smiled; the phrase was caught up, slightly altered, by the other correspondents, and subsequent events at Washington gave it a place in the political vernacular. Regarding W. J. Bryan's "cross of gold" and his "crown of thorns" "pressed down on Labor's brow," it has long been known that the high-strung metaphor, though naturally associated with Bryan's Chicago convention speech of 1896, had been used by him experimentally before that occasion, in local political addresses. But Stevenson's note shows also that the passage occurred, practically verbatim, in a formal speech delivered by Bryan to the House of Representatives a year and a half before, on December 22, 1894.

In what Bartlett described as "tracing to the sources," whether in this group or in others, Stevenson shows exceptional industry. "Public office is a public trust" he not only follows back from President Cleveland to Charles James Fox, but virtually parallels it with citations from Article VI, Section 3, of the United States constitution, and from Cicero's "De Officiis." The familiar aphorism that the filling of a vacant office "creates one hundred malcontents and one ingrate" is traced back rightly, on the authority of Voltaire, to no less a personage than Louis XIV; but it is also shown, apparently for the first time, that John Adams used the saying. The celebrated passage from Bismarck's speech of 1862, declaring that great questions of the day were settled, not by speeches or votes but by "blood and iron," is carried back to Quintilian's "sanguinem et ferrem"—an obviously fortuitous coincidence of thought, but none the less curiously interesting.

Bartlett had previously discovered that the saying, "Providence is on the side of the largest battalions," was not at all (as is popularly supposed) the remark of Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon in fact proposed its revision into the assertion that "Providence is on the side of the last reserve," and Benham traced the original saying back to 1677. But Stevenson not only finds the "largest-battalions" phrase in Madame de Sévigné's writings and in a report by one of Anne of Austria's marshals, but parallels it with the "Deos fortioribus adesse" of Tacitus. Occasionally Stevenson accepts too readily some one else's discovery of such older parallels. Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, for the people," in the Gettysburg speech of 1863, is not only measured quite correctly with Theodore Parker's closely similar phrase of 1850, but is accompanied, in Stevenson's book, by citation of an identical phrase purporting to have been used as far back as 1384, in the preface to Wyclif's Bible. On its face this is not convincing, and from Hoyt's book of quotations it may be learned that, although the discovery was claimed in 1916 by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, the authenticity of the Wyclif citation has not subsequently been borne out. Mr. Stevenson includes, with some suspicion, the alleged quotation from Lincoln regarding political danger caused by cor- [illegible] He might better have dismore anxious for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war." It would be as convincing to ascribe such stuff to Johnson or Shakespeare.

The list above cited, of passages whose origin or circumstance Stevenson has carried further than other similar collectors, will serve to indicate the scope of his inquiry. Naturally, the book includes also the greater body of familiar quotations which other collectors had already assembled. Like all collections of the kind, this one contains a mass of passages which could hardly qualify as familiar. Even with Bartlett, though his own preface declared the purpose of excluding any quotation which the general reader would not recognize, the bulk of his book is made up of passages that will hardly meet the test. The same is true of Mr. Stevenson. Inclusion without some kind of limitation, of quotations that are interesting but not familiar, is doubtless bound at some point to create a problem in size of the book and the collection. But in his selection of such passages, Mr. Stevenson's taste is unexceptionable.



BURTON STEVENSON AT WORK ON "THE HOME BOOK OF QUOTATIONS"
Photo by Hathaway Studio

Ghosts of Dramatic Criticism

LETTERS FROM GREENROOM GHOSTS. By John Mason Brown. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

IT is a promising device which John Mason Brown employs in "Letters from Greenroom Ghosts" and he abundantly fulfils the promise. Theatre-folk of the past haunt the theatre of today (which they undoubtedly do if there are such things as ghosts and modern greenrooms), and they unbosom themselves each to the wight they find most sympathetic—Sarah Siddons to Katharine Cornell, Peg Woffington to Ina Claire, Inigo Jones to Robert Edmond of that ilk, and so forth.

Much of their message is about themselves. In theatre-folk that is perhaps not surprising; but what does mildly astonish is the fact that one and all have as sedulously haunted libraries and now deliver themselves in the vein of their post-mortem critics, sometimes even excelling it. Says Kit Marlowe to Eugene O'Neill:

> I was an alchemist of eloquence who poured into the drama's cramping mould the golden torments of my spirit. . . . I could empty the minds of titans more easily than I could fill the mouths of mortals, and was more faithful to my dreams than to the bustling world of which I was a part.

And witness this profundity of Peg Woffington's, explaining to Ina Claire the superior repute of tragic actors:

> The world feels instinctively that laughter is a sign of man's mortality but that woe is a proof of his awareness of the interference of the gods who control his destinies without taking him into their confidence.

The nature of the tragic lift has seldom been better expressed, and if Ina Claire boggles over the sentence upon comedy she may remember that most of us have [illegible] and greenrooms but occupied the *Evening Post* seat beside Mr. Brown on what Alexander Woollcott so happily called the enchanted aisle. In Peg Woffington's day and down to quite modern times actors were schooled to make themselves heard by the last man in the last row. The rule-of-thumb of playwrights was to make their leading character say in effect: "Watch me; I'm going to do it!" then, "Watch me; I'm doing it!" and finally, "Did you see? I've done it!" No chance for the dreariest dullard to escape the obvious! Mistress Peg took "deliberate aim" and sent her arrows "winging straight into the bullseye." But what was once, so to speak, scene-painting with a six-inch brush has given way to a miniature art. Instead of treating the audience as muddy clods from Missouri, playwright and actor now seek to stimulate them so that they positively lean forward over the footlights to anticipate each stroke, feeling the while the giddy joy of collaboration. Much might be said as to the concomitant increase of intelligence in modern audiences, and the no less marked shrinking of the calibre of themes treated. Haunting Ina Claire, Mistress Peg sticks to her muttons.

> You manage to hit the mark without allowing anyone to know what your target is or that you have had one in mind. . . . This nonchalance of yours adds an easy, aristocratic negligence to your playing.

To be haunted by the ghost of Christopher Marlowe is perhaps the greatest of all the great compliments Eugene O'Neill has so deservedly received.

As if holding his nose, this magniloquent Elizabethan, to whom the mingled blood and foam of heroic combat made "a dainty show," confronts jungle nigger and grimy-minded stoker, gutter-drunk- if I am not mistaken, are new to John Mason Brown. "Mourning Becomes Electra," to be sure, they both regard as "most Grecian," though nothing could be farther from Aeschylus than its insistent mood of futility and defeat. But most or all of the plays written since O'Neill abandoned his early mood of deep-visioned actuality fill Kit Marlowe's ghost with a very substantial misgiving. In the use of the off-again-on-again mask and the two-actor hero, of asides and of soliloquies that petrify the other actors, he defines and even names the Freudian purpose; but he regards them with "some amusement" and confesses, "I have oft been pained by the feeble employment you have made of them." In O'Neill's "dramatic prose," the simplest words "cut like swords into their hearers' hearts" and "raw emotion surges through it like a mountain stream"; but "just as I find that your prose soars upward into poetry, so I discover that your attempts at poetry can tumble down to the dullest depths of prose." When his dramatic prose attempts philosophy it becomes "fly-blown."

NOEL COWARD
Recipient of a letter on "the danger of extreme versatility"

In addressing Noel Coward, Richard Brinsley Sheridan is equally sympathetic and admiring, and he is even more frankly outspoken and more subtly trenchant. Few could have divined the likeness between the two men, their essential sympathy and their common danger; and far fewer, if anyone, could have developed it as Mr. Brown has done, with a wisdom that is deep and unfailing as his touch is light. The chapter must be read entire, read again, and then reread. The danger of extreme versatility has never been so pointedly expressed.

The little volume is not without ineptitudes, but at its best it stands on the summit of contemporary dramatic criticism. To the player-folk of today that will not seem very high, if one can judge by their murmurs against the press, which of late have been long and loud. But if they read it, they may be moved to a sour reflection. *When good player-folk die, they become dramatic critics.*

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Lee: a Psychological Problem

(*Continued from first page*)

responsibility for using the railroads to effect rapid concentration, he employed them as if he had spent his life in practising how to bring great bodies of men to a desired point at a predetermined moment. . . .

All these were the abstract considerations that might have been argued in the case of any soldier whose background was known. There remained the basic, if less tangible, factor of temperament. He was a gentleman in every impulse: was he too much a gentleman for the dirty business of war? Was there enough of steel in his soul? That respect for civil authority—would it tie his hands in a revolution?

This is an illuminating sketch as far as it goes. The suggested inference from his gentlemanliness, and the subtle stress on the first part of the word, show the author's perception. But, to my mind, there are facts given earlier which might justly have raised equal doubts. That Lee was such a gentleman at heart was a handicap for a conductor of war, but this might have been offset had he not been such a "Southern gentleman"—or "English gentleman"—in thought. The fundamental fineness of his character helped to break down the inherent prejudices of his type, but could not suffice to give him a wide grasp of affairs or range of ideas.

There are several points in Lee's previous career which a student of psychology might find ominous. Take his schoolmaster's verdict—"He was a most exemplary pupil in every respect. He was . . . perfectly observant of the rules and regulations . . .; was gentlemanly, unobtrusive, and respectful in all his deportment to teachers and fellow-students." Here, in fact, was every prospect of admirable mediocrity. Even among great soldiers there is no more unhistorical fallacy than that, in order to command, you must learn to obey. A more temperamentally insubordinate lot than the outstanding soldiers and sailors of the past could scarcely be found—in England one has only to think of Wolfe and Wellington, Nelson and Dun-

Photograph of General Lee issued in Baltimore in 1861, *possibly retouched as the uniform appears to be that of the United States and the cap that of the Confederacy.*

donald; in France, Napoleon's marshals in this respect at least were worthy of their master.

Then at West Point Lee's conduct was so immaculate that he had not a single offence recorded against him, while he became known among his fellows as the "Marble Model." What contrast this offers to the experience of Sherman and Grant, who were both almost unbearably irked by the petty restrictions, and often kicked over the traces. Comparing their youthful record with Lee's, any student of psychology would be inclined to predict that they had more promise of being successful commanders in after life if given the chance. Also that, if either were to be pitted against him in war's grim test, they were more likely to come out on top. A model boy rarely goes far, and, even when he does, is apt to falter when severely tested. A boy who conforms immaculately to school rules is not likely to grow into a man who will conquer by breaking the stereotyped professional rules of his time—as conquest has most often been achieved. Still less does it imply the development of the wide views necessary in a man who is not merely a troop commander, but the strategic adviser of his Government.

So far as Lee overcame this inauspicious beginning, one may trace the fact partly to his paternal heredity—the blood of "Light Horse Harry" Lee was more powerful than the pious precepts that he left to his family. An equally important factor may have been that, after serving his apprenticeship at West Point and in various military posts, Lee became so sick of office routine that he volunteered for, and gained, a civil engineering task of improving the navigability of the Mississippi. It is a strange historical coincidence that St. Louis should have played as eventful a part in his life as in that of his two greatest future adversaries, Grant and Sherman.

That he did not fully outgrow the effect of early restriction is suggested in Mr. Freeman's chronicle. From some of the instances he cites, one is led to think that Lee's strong sense of justice, and to some extent his sympathy, were governed by the conventions of his class and education. They might have been more elastic if his sense of humor—a love of teasing is not true humor—had been as deeply ingrained as his sense of uprightness.

This limitation of outlook is still more plain in the view of loyalty which led him, a serving soldier, to leave the service of the United States and throw in his lot with the Confederacy. Like Sherman, he could see that both factions were to blame, but, unlike Sherman, he seems to have had no searchings of mind, as distinct from agony of spirit, to determine what course he should take when faced with a choice of ills. As soon as Virginia was in the war, he was in. It was loyalty to the lowest unit, not the highest. Not merely an attitude of "my country, right or wrong," but of "my locality, right or wrong." The repeated catchphrase, "Save in defence of my native state, I never desire again to draw my sword," becomes a padlock on his thought.

Wide views and freedom from conventional thought are essential to a strategist—a director of grand strategy, as distinct from the lower plane of logistical strategy. Wide reading is an aid towards wide views, but it seems clear that Lee's reading was far from wide. Hence, I should demur to Mr. Freeman's comment, that it was to be predicted that Lee "would show himself a fine strategist, though he might perhaps be a bit theoretical." It was more likely that he would show himself a conventional strategist, even in the purely military sphere. In the event, he went a long way to refute this expectation. The explanation may lie largely in his flair for geography and topography. Yet, in studying Mr. Freeman's book one traces the influence of Lee's textbook reading, especially of Jomini. If he had not a scientific spirit, his engineer training seems to have developed a habit of scientific examination of concrete problems.

Mr. Freeman shows us the influence of some of Lee's limitations in his first campaign—especially his "softness" in dealing with difficult subordinates. "Of Lee it becomes necessary to ask, for two years and more, whether his judgment as a soldier or his consideration as a gentleman dominated his acts." In the second campaign, likewise a failure, his inadequate ability to understand that strategy depends on supply wrecked his strategy—"in all that pertained to the commissariat, he seems to have been well-nigh supine at this time." The man is always lovable, but the general is almost laughable despite the good points of his soldiership.

Mr. Freeman makes a fresh contribution to our understanding of Lee's evolution by showing that, in utilizing Jackson's forces in the Shenandoah Valley in order to distract the enemy's concentration, Lee based himself at first "on military considerations only." He was merely thinking of a threat to their communications, not of the more subtle aim of playing on President Lincoln's fears for the safety of Washington. Subsequent historians have taken the effort as proof of the purpose. They would have been wiser to take account of the natural influence of a course in Jomini's textbook theory.

Then we come to the Seven Days, where

General Lee in 1863 *at the height of his military success. Reproduced from a negative in the possession of H. P. Cook of Richmond.*

Mr. Freeman gives us perhaps the most vividly instructive picture of a commander and his forces in action that military literature contains. It is a gem of informed description. The brilliance, yet excessive complexity, of Lee's plan is ably brought out. The biographer gives due emphasis to such other faults as the rash assault at Malvern Hill, Lee's undue dependence on his subordinates for the execution of his plan, and his undervaluation of artillery support. So far as his failures in tactical handling were redeemed, it was by the "fundamental soundess of Lee's strategy."

But there are some points to which Mr. Freeman might have paid more attention. He ascribes Jackson's repeated failure in fulfilling the part allotted to him, mainly to physical exhaustion resulting from excessive riding and praying. But that hardly accounts for his glaring slowness in the opening phase. If Mr. Freeman is justified in rejecting the more ugly side of the "ugly tales" which circulated in the army, he seems to dismiss too lightly the natural irk of subordination which might have been expected from a hitherto independent commander of Jackson's temperament.

What strikes one still more strongly is Lee's apparent disregard of the possibility of using liaison officers to inform himself of how his chief subordinates were progressing—Lee's studies in Napoleonic warfare cannot have gone very far if he had learnt nothing from Napoleon's use of aides-de-camp for this vital purpose. It seems almost incredible that he should have been content, now and later, to remain a whole day and more without news of what was happening a comparatively short ride away. Only less astonishing than that after an experience where he paid so heavy a price for faulty maps, he appears to have made no effort to remedy the deficiency. But he showed no more concern "to make his artillery more efficient, and to build up his staff."

His claim to greatness seems to lie in his skill in doing what was immediately in front of him with the means at hand—not in foreseeing how difficulties might be diminished.

In one respect, however, Mr. Freeman seems to do him an injustice. For whenever Lee makes any calculated dispersion of his force, his biographer is apt to speak of it apologetically as "a violation of the strategic canon of concentration in face of the enemy." This attitude is the more strange because at the beginning of Volume II, he remarks that Lee's strategy "was not to meet concentration with concentration." It is not only strategy but commonsense that if one concentrates one's forces in a single mass, the enemy can concentrate to meet one—and, for the weaker side especially, such obvious concentration is suicidal strategy. True concentration depends on the preliminary distraction of the enemy's concentration, and that in turn depends on calculated dispersion.

It is the best point in Lee's strategy that he was not so misled by his elementary textbooks as to overlook this elementary truth. By following it he gained, first, his success in frustrating the Northern advance on Richmond, and then his victories at Second Manassas and Chancellorsville. But the impression grows that he did not follow it so far as he might have done, in view of the generally superior mobility of his troops. His calculated dispersion was narrow at the best compared with what Napoleon had often risked—risked in appearance at least. With his natural flair, he might have done far more than was achieved, if his education in strategy had been more profound—if he had not felt the constraint of conventional canons which were, in truth, a violation of fundamental principles.

The 1862 invasion of Maryland illustrates the danger of a theory in which both concentration and dispersion were imperfectly understood. There was no serious risk in detaching part of his forces to capture Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg if the whole had been scientifically distributed in the strategic grouping which Bonaparte borrowed from his master, Bourcet. But Lee, by an extraordinary oversight, omitted to hold Turner's Gap in South Mountain. Thereby, the mischance of a copy of his orders falling into McClellan's hands became a greater source of peril than it need have been. Moreover, even when he had news of McClellan's advance, he seems to have been strangely slow to repair the omission—or to seek news of what was happening at Harper's Ferry. Then, when awakened to his imminent danger, we see him hastily concentrating at Sharpsburg with the Potomac at his back—a boxed-in concentration, upon a "dangerously shallow" position, that invited disaster. He was lucky to escape it. Hardly less curious is the apparent neglect to think of utilizing field fortifications to increase his defensive strength.

It is clear that, like Sherman, he had much to unlearn of conventional theory—unlike Grant, who started from zero with the asset of "horse-sense."

But Lee seems to have unlearnt, and learnt, more from Sharpsburg than Mr. Freeman recognizes. Before Fredericksburg, we see his army distributed "on a long sprawling front . . . unconcentrated"—as a wary enticement to his opponent. After it, we hear him saying: "My army is as much stronger for these new entrenchments as if I had received reinforcements of 20,000 men." And at Chancellorsville, "defying the lesson of Sharpsburg," as Mr. Freeman says—I would say, profiting by it—he exploits dispersion with a calculated audacity that would have been deadly to the enemy but for Jackson's fall. The wonderful thing about Lee's generalship is not its legendary genius, but the way he rose above his handicaps—handicaps that were internal even more than external.

Audenspender

By DAVID MCCORD

A NEW double-ender
Is Auden & Spender:
Or, beggin' your pawdon,
Is Spender & Auden.
A team out of *Oxon.*,
Like anti and toxin,
But damned hard to render
Is Auden, is Spender.
Their captains forsaken—
Pound, Eliot, Aiken—
They fire at us broad on,
Do Spender & Auden.
The gray-bearded trio,
Remote now as Leo!
For guts, glue, and gender,
Read Auden & Spender.
Old seethings are seether
In both or in either,
When new strings are sawed on
By Spenderized Auden.
There's treason, there's terror,
Love, reason, and error:
You'd toughen the tender,
O Audenized Spender!
In one or the other
It's poetry, brother:
The best bones are gnawed on
By Spender, by Auden.
Have you a rheumatic
Old aunt in the attic?
God save her, defend her,
From Auden & Spender!

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Is Charity Cheap?

It is one of the privileges of this editorial column to depart at will from the critical consideration of esthetic values in order to defend those social values of literature which "pure" critics of "pure" literature so arrogantly despise. The question of relief versus public work, which is exercising us all, for example, is one in which current fiction, drama, and poetry have more to say than politicians and economists suspect.

It is being stated in newspapers and magazines with increasing emphasis that it costs the taxpayer too much to supply work to the unemployed, who can be fed much more cheaply by direct relief. Relief, that is, the dole, is variously estimated to cost from one half to one third as much as to give an equivalent amount of cash for services rendered in work created by cities, states, or the government. It costs, that is, one dollar of the taxpayers' money to keep starvation away for a given period, but from two to three dollars to supply work and pay enough to accomplish the same result for the same time. If these statistics have any validity it would seem, therefore, that if we are to have long continued or permanent unemployment, a dole is cheaper than a wage system based upon jobs created and paid for by government.

Is it cheaper? The evidence now available in literature as to the results of living on a dole is portentous. A series of English novels deals with nothing else as a theme but the pathetic and demoralizing effect of relief upon a whole generation of young men who are not wanted in industry, who have never had the responsibility of a job, who may never have that responsibility since idleness has unfitted them for steady work. And another series of novels and plays—German, French, and American as well as English—is based upon the theme of fear, fear that there is no place for the poor in a world which in America and England will not let them actually starve, and in Germany will put them at forced labor under anti-social conditions, but which supports them only upon sufferance, and would be relieved if a plague or a war should kill them off as a drouth kills the surplus livestock which in a glutted market cannot be sold. "Little Man, What Now?" was such a book.

And there is other evidence, more indirect but not less striking, in the nervous irritability, the cynicism, the self-conscious brutality in so much of the literature of youth in every country where the depression has done its work. The form of expression differs greatly, ranging from muddy romanticism in Germany to shrill abuse in America, but the cause is identical. The writers are unadjusted in a society that does not need them, that will exploit them or even pay them to keep quiet, but which will not assure them of a day's wage for a day's work in the production or distribution of what society and they themselves would both regard as goods.

Relief, a dole, may be cheaper now in cash for the taxpayer than the creation of work, but it is incomparably more costly in human values. Its price long continued is the steady deterioration of a race.

According to tradition Xenophon invented Greek shorthand; tablets dating from the third century and covered with the handwork of a shorthand scribe have been in the British Museum for years. The scrolls have now been deciphered, and are to be published by the Egypt Exploration Society of England.

"I WANT ONE OF THOSE MAD PROFESSOR'S-DAUGHTER-MEETS-DETECTIVE-AT-COUNTRY-STATION-DURING-STORM STORIES BY TUESDAY!"

Letters to the Editor: *J. B. Priestley's American Reading*

Books on the Ranch

SIR:—There were quite a lot of books in the living room of the ranch where I was staying on my recent American visit, and as it was dark at six o'clock—night descending, to our English eyes, as if somebody clapped a lid on us—we read a great many of them. Or if we did not read them, we "glanced through them"—you know what I mean. They were nearly all novels, mostly of the popular sort, though I did manage to read clean through a life of General Grant—and a most attractive fellow I found him too. Your Civil War is probably the most fascinating war to read about there ever was, but its personalities—at least, to one Englishman—do not, on close scrutiny, live up to its epic splendor. It is not a patch on the Napoleonic Wars in this respect. But let us return to the popular novels.

Some of them I have read years and years ago. For example, "The Firing Line" and the like by Robert W. Chambers, over whom I seem to remember laughing and crying about the age of fourteen. For a man not without a sense of style, atmosphere, characterization, Chambers seems to have been incredibly silly. Two things worth noting about his fiction. First, its amazing snobbery: endless talk of "our class," "caste," "breeding" and what not. Did he know exactly what he meant? Secondly, like a good many old boys who were always talking about their "pure romance" and crying down "over-sexed fiction," his own work is dreadfully overcharged with sex, and not honest-to-God sexual stuff either, but peeping-around-the-corner stuff. His own attitude is that of a not very nice old man fingering a girl's trousseau. It was probably this faint but all pervading hothouse sexuality, saying never a crude word but forever touching the nerve, that made him so popular. Did he know what he was doing? Anyhow, I tried him again, after quarter of a century, and still felt like laughing and crying, but not for the same reasons.

Now I am sorry about the West. It deserved a great literature that it has never had. What a pity that the melodramatic tradition persisted so long there, so that we get hardly anything but Deadwood Dick with a few purple patches added! Are there any really good cowboy and mining stories? This isn't a rhetorical question. I want to know, because I seemed to dip into dozens on the ranch and never find anything that was not the good old stock melodrama, with all the characters pure white or deep black. And they all seem to miss the real romance of that brief heroic period, when one end of the cattle business was almost Homeric, simply by introducing the rubber-stamp romance that was well worn long before the first Texan arrived in Kansas City with his long-horns. I know there's "The Virginian," but though that's got some good writing in it and some recognizable cowboys, it's obviously a rather emasculated, dolled-up version of the real hairy, sweaty life. I know there were not a lot of women in the West in those days, but surely some of them had solid female character and were not merely heroines of silent films. The real Western story would begin, I think, in the most prosaic fashion, giving you the prices of cattle on the hoof and the state of ground feed, showing you the thing as a *business*, and would gradually achieve romance, almost in spite of itself, as the real thing must have done. The same remarks apply to the Western mining theme. But let me know if this body of fiction already exists.

It's amusing comparing the easy popular fiction of today with that of twenty years ago, say, Katherine Brush with R. W. Chambers. The contemporary yarns are, of course, just as sentimental, but now they have a superficial "toughness." They're like gangsters who burst into tears when they hear the word "mother." Once you poke through the imitation alligator hide, it's very spongy inside, with the old sexual situations, a little more advanced in the physical state, all waiting for you. Of course, it's not only the lowbrows who pull off this trick. The highbrows do it, not excluding the Grand Cham, Ernest Hemingway.

And while we're discussing highbrows and lowbrows, here's another belated discovery of mine, or at least a suspicion of mine that may turn out to have been one of the *Saturday Review's* earliest discoveries. I'll lead that to it gradually. You see, our great find in the ranch library was a collection of Ring Lardner's short stories. I suppose I ought to have known about these short stories years ago, but I didn't. I only knew his funny books, which are funny enough, a great deal funnier than most; but the trouble is, there's never much satisfaction in a book that is being deliberately funny all the time and cannot be serious even for half a paragraph. There's something sterile about these books, which are better in their original form, as comic pieces in the papers. But, of course, Lardner's short stories are grand. They are funny, pathetic, and devastatingly true. He really does keep his eye on the object, without flinching, whenever he has a mind to. And his gushes and geyser-spouts of banal but all-too-revealing speech are as good as Sinclair Lewis at his best. What an ear the chap had! Now wasn't he a sort of journalistic knock-about and literary roughneck? (I know nothing about him except the great and awful fact that he's dead and will give us no more short stories.) And if he was—and I'm sure he was—then that only confirms the suspicion I've had for a long time, namely, that true American literature, the real native stuff, has a trick of coming more often from the lowbrows than the highbrows, from the rough-neck writing like the devil for hard cash and a few more rounds of drinks rather than from the cultured young man carefully rewriting in his secluded cottage for the earnest and beautiful little magazine that cannot get any advertisers. Even your exquisite Willa Cathers seem to have started in a pretty rough school. Am I right about this? And is it because your lowbrow—who may have been a sports writer, an assistant magazine editor, a reporter, or a gaolbird bank clerk, like O. Henry—knocks about a lot more than your highbrow, digs into his America, and at the same time is compelled by reason of his love of good money and a good time to refrain from literary antics and to cultivate a reasonably plain way of doing things in his work? You know, I was disappointed by that book of carefully selected best contemporary short stories you gave me to review. Why, the late Lardner could knock the spots off the lot of them. But did they bow the knee to him in his time? Tell me about all this; confirm or dismiss my suspicion; and make an editorial of it.

J. B. PRIESTLEY.

Reuben Gold Thwaites

SIR:—In your issue of September 22 of this year, you published a letter from Chase Osborn, Duck Island, Michigan. This letter has been called to my attention, and I beg to correct the statement he makes concerning Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, editor of the Journals of Lewis and Clark. Dr. R. G. Thwaites's father was a cabinetmaker, by name William George Thwaites, and his mother's name was Sarah. The registry of his birth gives his name as "Reuben Thwaites," and his father's name as given above. The father's name appears year after year in the Boston Directories, a long file of which this Society possesses, as William George Thwaites. For twenty-four years, immediately after my leaving college, I acted as Mr. R. G. Thwaites's secretary, and during the course of that time he wrote many letters to people who claimed relationship. He never failed to testify that the name was Thwaites; and his correspondents, who were making the enquiries, were also men named Thwaites, which is a good old North of England name.

The matter is not one of great importance, but the man being dead, one does not like to see an alteration in the name he honestly bore, and honorably used.

ANNIE A. NUNNS, *Asst. Supt.*
State Historical Society
Madison, Wis.

Edwin Anderson Alderman

SIR:—In the process of collecting material for a biography of the late Edwin Anderson Alderman, first President of the University of Virginia, we wish to secure for the University of Virginia Library correspondence from Doctor Alderman, especially for the years previous to 1912. We shall be grateful for all such material, either as gift, deposit, or loan—the loaned material to be returned as soon as copies have been made. Such material should be addressed to the Librarian, University of Virginia Library, University, Virginia.

HARRY CLEMONS, *Librarian.*
University, Va.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

HALF MILE DOWN. By WILLIAM BEEBE. *Harcourt, Brace.* Deep-sea observations.

MARY POPPINS. By P. L. TRAVERS. *Reynal & Hitchcock.* A delightful fantasy for children and grown-ups.

THE HOME BOOK OF QUOTATIONS. By BURTON E. STEVENSON. *Dodd, Mead.* The *ne plus ultra* of its kind.

This Less Recent Book:

THE GOOD COMPANIONS. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. A picaresque tale in the Dickens manner.

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Tumult in Peru

FIRE ON THE ANDES. By Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS

THE illustrations in this book are decorative, interpretative, and wholly admirable—as is inevitable from their being the work of José Sabogal, one of the leading artists of contemporary Peru. The text, however, is quite another matter. Almost every page of it is stained with a dyspeptic spitefulness against everyone whom the author is pleased to regard as that, to him, nauseous thing, an aristocrat. In that category he includes a miscellany of social types such as landowners, industrialists, archeologists, politicians, and so on—in short, almost anyone who rises above the general level of the most unfortunate and most backward classes. None who knows Peru will deny that the country is confronted with a great array of urgent problems the chief of which, no doubt, is that of the Indian, who constitutes between fifty per cent and seventy per cent of the population; least of all is this denied by many members of the upper classes in Peru itself, some of whom—to do him credit—Mr. Beals mentions frequently. But the whole tone of his book, in those parts of it which deal with modern conditions, is tinged with an unconstructive virulence which leads one seriously to question the validity of his opinions. If, instead of pouring out endless venom upon individuals and institutions unpleasing to him, Mr. Beals had offered a concrete program for reshaping the whole scheme of things in Peru, one would have been able to thank him for a real contribution to the subject of modern Peru.

This is precisely what he does not do. He is muddle-headed and self-contradictory. As an illustration one may cite pages 105-107 where Mr. Beals gives a would-be satirical portrait of an imaginary Peruvian archeologist dubbed "Gabriel de Castilla" in the course of which he accuses him of every crime from theft to ignorance. Because of this ignoble fictitious personage

> **the National Museum of Peru does not have a representative collection of gold and silver artifacts, or of ceramics, or of anything else. It is a shabby stable where a few dusty objects are kept without being properly classified** for the intelligence of the ordinary visitor.

The simple truth of the matter is, of course, that the National Museum of Peru is the largest and best-arranged collection of Peruvian archeology in the world, housed in a large and specially designed building. Its vast number of specimens are classified by regions and by periods and are clearly labelled so that anyone who can read may comprehend them fully. Moreover, there is a splendid archeological library open to all who wish to study there; and, finally, the quarterly *Revista del Museo Nacional* is widely recognized in this country and in Europe as the leading periodical dealing with Peruvian archeology and history.

Now we come to the matter of muddle-headedness. The real director of the Museum so much maligned by Mr. Beals is that widely known and much-respected scientist, Dr. Luís Valcárcel, whom, on other pages, Mr. Beals has the good sense to praise. How can one explain the discrepancy between the slurs on the National Museum and the merited praise of the man who directs it except in terms of muddle-headedness?

Another example is the jibe that the Club Nacional (Lima's chief club) has "a magnificent bar, but no library." This is utter tosh. The library of the Club Nacional is large, well-arranged, and much used. Books and periodicals in many languages are kept there, as I know who have spent many hours there digging into all parts of Peru's past and present. The bar I do not remember. Presumably Mr. Beals saw it, even if he did miss the three large rooms which constitute the library.

Certain parts of the book are as good as the whole might have been had the author approached his subject in a less hateful spirit. Particularly valuable is the chapter entitled "Sun and Soil," in which various native customs are well described. True, certain native terms receive rough treatment—as "ayullu" for ayllu (tribe)—but the general effect is worthy of commendation. Likewise good is the chapter which deals with the *Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana*, commonly called APRA, whose head is that amazing man, Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre. Haya is the special hope of left-wing Peru and, although one may not agree with him, one must admit his brilliance and his sincerity—as well as those of his chief followers. But not even Haya escapes the spleen of Mr. Beals who speaks of "pictures of Haya in entirely too Mussoliniesque poses."

The worst parts of the book are undoubtedly those dealing with Peru's history. They seem largely the result of systematic brain-picking without a word of credit to the victim whose stuff is used. On pages 57, 58, and 73 Mr. Beals appears to depend upon a book about Peru published in 1932 and duly copyrighted, to which book he gives no trace of proper credit. Again, the pre-Spanish chronology on pp. 85-86 is a hodge-podge of several schemes none of which is cited, the result being misleading and inaccurate. Mr. Beals knows so little of his subject in these parts that he commits endless errors of many kinds. The fact that various passages about literature and the arts are very good, only goes to show that Mr. Beals could have given us a really great book had he always written in a spirit of serene criticism.

As it is, this book is mostly pernicious nonsense often descending to scurrility. Its author has a grudge against the world. Red Russia has been his ideal of terrestrial perfection; but now that Russia is rapidly paling to a pretty pink he goes to Peru in quest of the tumult and chaos which his soul loves. This book is the result. One dares to believe that Peru will survive it.

Philip Ainsworth Means was from 1920-21 director of the National Museum of Archeology, Lima, Peru, and has spent much time as investigator and archeologist in Peru for scientific institutions.

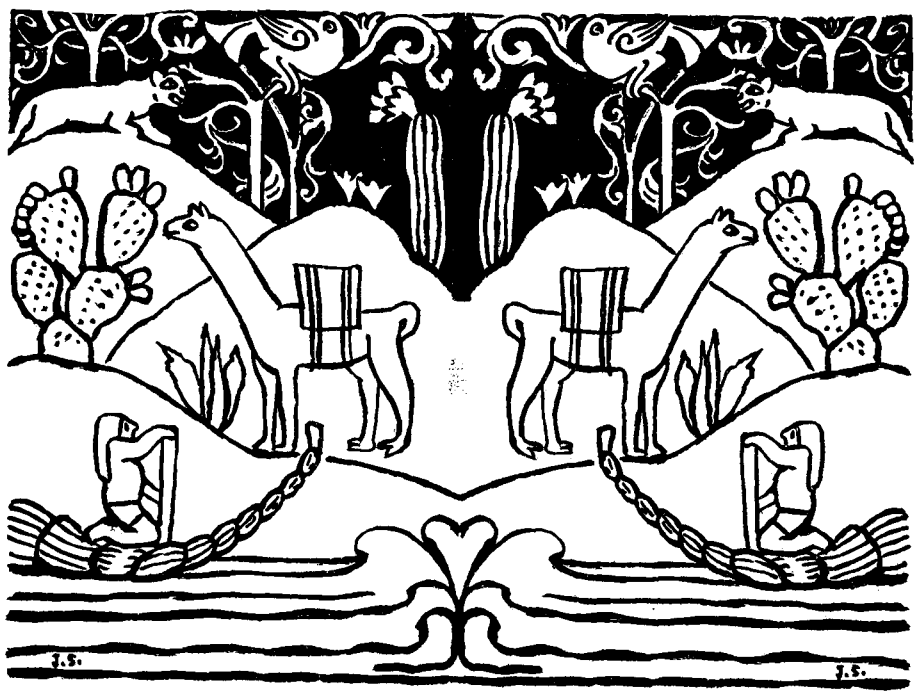

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSÉ SABOGAL
From "Fire on the Andes"

So Bred the Heroes

A PARODY BY CHRISTOPHER WARD

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

TWO weeks later the barouche was brought to the door. Malcolm Bedford and Sallie took their places in it. She was his second wife, the daughter of Roger Tait and his wife, Mary McClintock of Buena Vista, whose father was the General McClintock, who had fought a duel with Andrew Jackson just before the Second Punic War. Malcolm Bedford's first wife had been Mary Hartwell McGehee, sister of Hugh McGehee of Montrose, whose wife was the sister of Malcolm Bedford.

On the seat facing them were Valette and Duncan. Valette was Malcolm Bedford's adopted daughter. She was the orphaned child of a cousin of her mother, the Comtesse Julia Valette de Somebody. Duncan was generally understood to be Malcolm Bedford's son, but some people thought he was one of the McGehees, who had somehow got entangled in the web of relationship and carried by mistake over to the Bedfords.

THE AUTHOR OF "SO RED THE ROSE"
A Caricature of Stark Young by Covarrubias

In the carriage behind were Hartwell and Frances, nieces of Malcolm Bedford's sister, who, according to family tradition, had married Hugh McGehee, the brother of their father, Malcolm Bedford's, first wife, Mary Hartwell McGehee. Aunt Piggie was with them. Her real name was Rosa Tait. She was the daughter of Malcolm Bedford's first wife's father and mother. In her lap sat Middleton, Malcolm Bedford's nephew and the son of his dead sister, that is Malcolm Bedford's dead sister, Rose Anne Bedford, daughter of Judge Bedford.

Judge Bedford had been known throughout the South for his witty reply to a beggar asking for a penny. "Is that your own hair or a wig?" asked the Judge.

Mary Cherry had been left behind, because not even the most expert genealogists of the two families had been able to chart her relationships and it was feared she might disturb the harmony of the party.

The barouche, followed by the carriage, took its way down the mile-long avenue of lofty trees laden with the pale blossoms of gardenia, lilac, lily-of-the-valley, tuberose, hyacinth, and cinnamon pink. The air was fragrant with a faint perfume. At last they came out on the Natchez Trace leading to Natchez. They were on their way to the annual family gathering to comb the tangles out of their family connections.

To Sallie Bedford these genealogical reunions were a source of terror. Try as she might, she had never been able to unravel the intricate skein. Her usually smooth brow was furrowed with anxiety, not only because her memory seemed faulty in these matters, but also because she could never forget that Malcolm Bedford's first wife had died of brain-fever.

"My Darlin," said she timidly, "won't you tell me once more what kin My Diddums is to brother Hugh's Eddums?"

"My Puddin," Malcolm answered, "Middleton is Edward's first-cousin-in-law-by-marriage."

She was silent a few minutes. Then she spoke again. "And I think you said Hugh is her step-great-uncle-german."

"Whose?" asked Malcolm Bedford.

"Caroline's—no—I mean Susan's. Oh, I forget. Never mind." She sighed deeply and was silent again.

At Montrose they found a large company of their kinsfolk. Agnes McGehee, sister-in-law-once-removed of Sallie Bedford, greeted them in the great drawing-room ablaze with the light of chandeliers, candelabra, candlesticks, and the soft brown eyes of the ladies.

"Oh, Sallie," said Agnes, "I have just learned that Hugh's mother was my mother's first cousing through the Dabneys of Virginia, who were closely related to Lawrence Washington's uncle, Thomas."

"Does that make any relations for Malcolm?" asked Sallie, turning pale.

They were interrupted by Judge Winchester, the son-in-law of Col. Anthony Talbot of New Orleans, the first man in the South to wear pantaloons.

"I've just been telling Miss Valette," said the Judge, bowing gracefully to the ladies, "that Colonel Archibald Tompkins of Mon Plaisir is near kin to the McHahas of Tennessee, who are near kin of the McGehees of Montrose, through the marriage of his second cousin, Amelia Hapgood, to the Comte de la Tour, late Dauphin of France."

Sallie turned to Valette. "My Precious, where are My Toodlums and My Bunny?"

"They're all right," Valette assured her. "They're playing with My Booful." Sallie looked disappointed.

Edward McGehee, Charles Taliaferro, and Lucy McGehee now joined the group. Edward McGehee would have been first cousin to Malcolm Bedford's children by his first wife, if there had been any. That there were none was a great disappointment to Edward, but he concealed his feelings as he greeted Valette, his foster-first-cousin-by-adoption. Charles was the son of Shelton Taliaferro and his wife, Mary Rainsford, whose father General Rainsford had been converted to Methodism by Monsignor Lavelle, chaplain-in-ordinary to Louis XIV. Lucy, the daughter of her father's first and only wife, her mother, stood quietly by while the others pursued their favorite pastime.

"You know," said Charles to Sallie Bedford, "that the Duc d'Orleans and his brother, the Duc de Montpensier—"

"Yes," said Sallie, "I suppose so."

"But," said Edward, "Francis Scott Epps's mother, my cousin-over-the-left, was the daughter of Cynthia Marigny Epps, whose husband—"

"Francis Collin Epps," Charles cut in, "was the grandson of—"

"Colonel Francis Epps," interrupted Edward, "whose—"

"Uncle was gentleman of the bedchamber to the Emperor Charlemagne," they finished in chorus.

The sudden entry of Miles McGehee stopped the recital. Miles had ridden over from Woodville on his Arabian mare, Fancy, whose grandmother was a cousin of General Winfield Scott's charger, Bucephalus.

"Jefferson Davis has been elected President of the Confederacy," he announced. "The War Between the States is inevitable."

Sallie Bedford's soft brown eyes were dark with fear. She grasped her husband's arm. "Tell me, My Darlin—" she gasped, "tell me—is this Mr. Davis any kin of yours?"

Christopher Ward is the author of several volumes of parodies, of a picaresque novel, "The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew," and other books.

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Oil and Politics

THE SECRET WAR. By F. C. Hanighen. New York: The John Day Co. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by E. D. KENNEDY

HAVING helped to denounce the international traffic in munitions, Frank C. Hanighen now assaults the international traffic in petroleum. Under the title of "The Secret War," he traces the influence of oil upon politics and sees in the competition for oil reserves the major cause of the next war. He argues that American oil companies—pictured as wicked but stupid—have been thoroughly outwitted by foreign oil companies—pictured as wicked but bright. Thus American oil resources are squandered in wasteful overproduction while other nations (notably England and Russia) are monopolizing the sources from which the oil of the future will flow.

There is nothing new in Mr. Hanighen's thesis and little that is new in his book. It is almost entirely a compilation from sources that should be flattered by being described as secondary. It is careless with respect to fact and written in the style of Sunday supplement articles. Mr. Hanighen's stage is peopled exclusively by villains, political, economic, and corporate. No evidence is too flimsy for use in proving what appear to be conclusions predetermined by prejudice.

But Mr. Hanighen's prose might be forgiven if he had struggled through it to reasonable conclusions. Nearly all his major assertions, however, can at best be considered only as extreme exaggerations. These may be summarized as follows. Germany lost the war because in the summer of 1918 a shortage of gasoline prevented the rapid shifting of reserves (in motor-trucks) to threatened points on the western front. British oil companies attempted to get oil-land concessions in Central America so that the British Government could construct a competitive canal close to the Panama Canal, or could establish naval bases from which the Panama Canal might easily be attacked. The United States was on the point of recognizing Russia during the administration of President Harding, because the Soviets were going to give Harry Sinclair (Harding's friend) oil concessions. But a hindrance to this scheme was Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State, and also a former lawyer for the Standard Oil trust. Final collapse of the plan for Russian recognition, however, came from the political influence of "the Standard," which did not want to see independent Sinclair prosper. The actual recognition of Russia in the present administration, however, was dictated by "the Standard," which did not want the Soviets to give further oil concessions to Sir Henry Deterding. Mr. Hanighen explains the oil trust's seeming change of front by pointing out that there are many Standard Oil companies and that the company which blocked Russian recognition was the New Jersey company, whereas the company which forced Russian recognition was the Socony company (Standard of New York). The Roosevelt inflation program was also an oil maneuver. George Le Blanc, officer of a Rockefeller bank, inspired Father Coughlin to preach inflation (while "millions of pairs of ears, eagerly, pathetically, were tilted over the loud speakers") because "the devaluation of the dollar, abroad, means and has meant millions to American exporters of oil." To clinch this last point, Mr. Hanighen adds:

> Confirm this by reading, if you care for such technical discussion, journals concerned with the foreign oil market—journals printed on expensive paper (it is rumored that the great oil trusts pay the bills).

Perhaps the oddest portion of Mr. Hanighen's book is his bibliography. Not only does his entire work appear as a restatement of what had been previously written on the subject, but most of it has been taken from dubious sources. A considerable portion of the book (including the title) is based on Antoine Zischka's "La Guerre Secrète pour le Petrole." Ludwill Denny's "We Fight For Oil" and Louis Fischer's "Oil Imperialism" have also been drawn upon, and the reference list includes a long list of newspaper and magazine articles. In documenting Chapter V, Mr. Hanighen says: "I depended largely for materials in this chapter on the excellent series of articles published in all Hearst Sunday papers from March 25 to May 6, 1928. . ."

The most charitable conclusion that can be reached concerning "The Secret War" is that Mr. Hanighen wrote it in a hurry.

* *

E. D. Kennedy is an Editor of Fortune *magazine.*

FRIENDS OR ENEMIES? Soibelman Syndicate

Barinov, Soviet oil official, and W. C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. From "The Secret War."

A Dead Queen Comes to Life

ANNE OF ENGLAND: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GREAT QUEEN. By M. R. Hopkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN

THE double-headed motto borrowed from the Romans by Cardinal Richelieu—*parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*—is as relevent to biography as to statecraft. A fair proportion of post-war writing has been devoted to reducing the proud of history, but now, it appears, the humble are having their innings. Characters whom we have been taught to consider dull, trivial, and even vicious are found to be not without merit.

Queen Anne of England is a case in point. Known to the man on the street as a style of furniture and as a hackneyed simile for the obsolete, she is recalled by historians as dull, stubborn, and colorless. "The feeble Anne," "a narrow-minded woman"—I am quoting from reputable writers—has not fared well at the hands of most historical students, despite Mr. Winston Churchill's more indulgent view of her. For one thing, she had the misfortune to be reigning in a Europe which reverberated with the clash of arms. Her England was torn by a political strife from which emerged strong personalities, fighting and scheming for power. Measured by such characters, among them that talented virago Sarah Churchill, Anne's less spectacular qualities are easily lost sight of.

HER HIGHNESS, THE LADY ANNE
After the painting by Sir Peter Lely

It is Mrs. Hopkinson's purpose to bring a dead queen to life. That she succeeds in creating a significant and attractive figure does credit to her biographical skill. Part of the secret lies in the fact that through all of the political maneuvering which she is obliged to describe, she has managed to keep in the foreground the character of Anne, her ill-health, her personal tragedies, and her essential loneliness. The last of the Stuarts was fated to live her life under a cloud of disappointment. Even her birth was inauspicious. Daughter of James II (then Duke of York) and Anne Hyde by a secret marriage, her arrival was a matter of embarrassment for the restored Stuart government. Her orphaned, though not unhappy, childhood she spent at Richmond Palace and St. James's Palace in the care of Lady Frances Villiers and a staff of tutors, who reared her in the Protestant tradition. Her marriage to Prince George of Denmark, devoted but hopelessly mediocre, led to further sorrow, for none of their children reached the age of ten. (Mrs. Hopkinson here lays to rest the myth of "seventeen children 'all of whom were swept away by smallpox.'") There was little about the Queen's private life which would supply the resiliency needed for her public duties.

For it was a troubled atmosphere in which she lived. The religious question and the matter of the succession were acute, while Whig and Tory factions were behaving with the bumptiousness characteristic of young political organisms. Anne was a Protestant—her devotion to that cause is one of the clues to her character—but she was also the daughter of James II and half-sister of his son, the legitimate heir (although she shared, with apparent honesty, the common doubt as to the future pretender's parentage). "Never," she wrote in 1688, after Prince George had cast his lot with the Revolution, "was anyone in such an unhappy condition, so divided between Duty and Affection." Anne brought no brilliant gifts to the headship of the state, only a shrewd English instinct for the middle-of-the-road and a sense of loyalty. This was her political capital.

Mrs. Hopkinson is at her best when dealing with the Queen as a person. From the conventional set-piece of "a stoutish lady, wearing many jewels, her auburn hair twined with pearls" emerges a woman of parts, who, under terrible handicaps, made her mark upon the British nation. The author's touch is less sure when she ventures towards the periphery of her subject. It is a small thing, but such phrases as "the passionate desire of the people of England for liberty of conscience" and "independent freedom-loving people as they [the English] have always been" suggest a copy-book outlook on English history. An earnest championship of Anne's cause leads, in some instances, to unnecessary disparagement of those who happened to be on the other side of the political fence. A more sympathetic case, for example, could have been made for James II and Sarah Churchill.

Whether, in fine, Anne's statesmanship justifies the subtitle that Mrs. Hopkinson has given her book will remain a matter of opinion. For my part, I am grateful that another neglected figure has been brought out of the twilight.

Health and Beauty

SKIN DEEP. The Truth About Beauty Aids—Safe and Harmful. By M. C. Phillips. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1934. $2.

THIS is a book not only readable but full of valuable information for users of cosmetics. Miss Phillips does not rail at the use of cosmetics in general; what she does is to name preparations which are harmful or even dangerous to life, and at the same time to recommend those which have been found to be safe and reliable after unbiased analysis by the chemists of the Consumers Research. She lays stress on the extravagant price of many cosmetics, and for the benefit of those who can ill afford to squander their money on them, presents formulas for preparations which are not only safe but also of high quality and which can be made up by local druggists or even by the user herself.

The enormous growth of the cosmetic industry in the past ten years Miss Phillips shows to be the result of high pressure advertising of exaggerated and often ridiculous claims which a sense of humor should be able to penetrate. Some of these claims are false and misleading. Indeed, that many of the manufacturers and distributors of cosmetics do not themselves believe what their press agents write is shown by cynical quotations from articles in cosmetic trade journals.

Miss Phillips takes a dig at the sanctimonious statements of the leading women's magazines which claim that everything they advertise is trustworthy and reliable. She discusses the objectionable or even dangerous nostrums which appear in their advertising columns. "By this time," she says, "you may have discovered that all these impressive-sounding claims for reliability, guarantee of product, and careful checking of claims, mean pretty nearly nothing so far as concerns an assurance of products that can fulfil the claims which are openly made or subtly implied in their statements."

The magic words which probably mean millions of dollars to the cosmetic industry, such words or phrases, for instance, as "pores," "astringents," and "feeding the skin," are discussed and some of the bunk removed from them. Thus Miss Phillips shows that such expressions as the last-named represent pure fiction, since the skin like other tissues of the body receives all of its nourishment from food taken into the stomach. Thus, too, she points out that among cosmetics which have no possible valuable function is the so-called muscle oil, apropos of which she asks "why should one's muscles need oiling?"

Among the eighteen chapters of Miss Phillips's book are several that deal with the commonly used cosmetics such as creams, powders, rouge, lipstick, deodorants, hair and nail preparations, and soap. Particular attention is paid to the dangerous Lash Lure which has caused numerous injuries including one case of blindness. The book was printed too early to contain a reference to a death from this nostrum recently recorded in the *Journal of the American Medical Association.*

In the chapter on the Care of the Hair one medical authority is quoted to the effect that "all metallic hair dyes should be prohibited." The ill effects of dyes containing lead and silver are pointed out, though some of the worst of these are still advertised by certain women's magazines.

The chapter on removing superfluous hair is mostly devoted to depilatories, the majority of which are relatively harmless. The author does well to rehearse the story of the dangerous preparation, Koremlu, which is now off the market. She also mentions Croxon Cream "which," she says, "is not a depilatory at all as claimed, but a hair bleach." The immense profit in marketing such a nostrum can be seen from her statement that the cost of the ingredients in a five-dollar jar if purchased at wholesale is estimated to be less than five cents.

The last chapter, entitled Safeguarding Health and Beauty, shows that the field of cosmetics does not come under the jurisdiction of the Food and Drugs Act of 1906 except in a very remote way. Mention is made of the excellent law in Maine re-

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quiring formulas of all cosmetics sold in the state to be registered with the State Department of Health and other methods to influence protective legislation are discussed.

Miss Phillips has gone a little beyond her proper field in discussing the cause and treatment of dandruff, making some statements that cannot be proven. Nearly all of her statements, however, are based on documented evidence or opinions of medical experts.

* *

The writer of the foregoing review is a distinguished authority and practising physician in the field of dermatology who wishes to preserve anonymity to avoid any appearance of publicity-seeking.

The Saar Vale of Tears

THE SAAR STRUGGLE. By Michael T. Florinsky. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by EDGAR PACKARD DEAN

WITH the advent of the Saar plebiscite in mid-January, Professor Florinsky's book is timely; indeed, that is one of its indisputable merits. It is, moreover, the only work in English which presents in a synoptic survey the last fifteen years of Saar history. Beginning with an analysis of the Paris Peace Conference and the first years of League government in the Territory, the discussion proceeds to economic and social conditions—which, incidentally, are some of the best chapters in the book—and concludes with the political situation on the eve of the plebiscite. Little attempt is made at prophecy except to concur with what is almost a foregone conclusion that the plebiscite will favor Germany.

Other claims made in its favor are more debatable. To the average reader it will appear as objective, an appearance strengthened by the frequent presentation of both sides of controversial issues. Certainly it is objective if one considers the apologies and diatribes which have emanated these fifteen years from France and Germany. But Dr. Florinsky is a historian and should know better than his lay audience that no book can be written without a *parti pris*. My quarrel is not that his approach is somewhat pro-German while my own is slightly pro-French, but that he should hide his German proclivities behind the false god of historical objectivity.

An author's point of view can often be determined by what he omits rather than what he includes. Dr. Florinsky has omitted—I am sure, unconsciously—a great deal prejudicial to the German cause. The franc did not supplant the mark because of a ukase issued by Paris. The Saarlanders, realizing that the franc possessed a greater purchasing power than the rapidly depreciating mark, conveniently forgot German nationalism and petitioned their employers to be paid in this specie. Nor is any mention made of the circular issued by the Minister of the Interior at Berlin to those German functionaries in the Saar warning them that although they might be serving the League their first duties were to Germany. Like Dr. Florinsky, this reviewer visited the Saar in the Spring of 1934 and likewise travelled with an "objective mind." He observed far more propaganda and terrorism on the part of the Nazis than did the Columbia professor. But if each observed different things, perhaps each was unconsciously disposed to look for different things.

"The Saar Struggle" is written for the general public. As such its conclusions are not sufficiently clear-cut and concise. Dr. Florinsky devotes several pages to showing that the Saar, Alsace, and Lorraine form a natural economic unit. Yet nowhere does he succinctly say that ideally, at least, they should remain a natural economic unit. In his attempt to be impartial, the author has sacrificed that definiteness of statement so necessary in the writing of contemporary history. It is also to be regretted that one of his basic approaches should be Saar rather than European. In 1919 and in 1935 the future of the Saar is as important to the peace of Europe as to the national pride of Saarlanders.

To those interested in the January plebiscite, this book will give an invaluable background. It certainly shows the strong German disposition of the region.

The BOWLING GREEN

Dr. Watson's Secret

I SPOKE some time ago (Bowling Green, July 21, 28) of the secret in Sherlock Holmes's life, his American connection. Perhaps it is permissible now to remark upon an even more carefully hidden arcanum, Dr. Watson's clandestine marriage.

The infuriating inconsistencies of Watsonian chronology have cost scholars many a megrim. The more carefully we examine them the more deeply confused they seem. Some authorities (*e. g.* Miss Dorothy Sayers) have attempted to account for slips on the theory that Watson misread his own handwriting in his notes. Others (*e. g.* Mr. S. C. Roberts) have fallen back upon the regrettable hypothesis that occasionally the Doctor was not "in his normal, business-like condition." Still others (*e. g.* Mr. R. E. Balfour) reject from the canon stories that appear incompatible. It is true that *The Sign of Four* begins with neither Holmes nor Watson in completely rational state. Watson had had Beaune for lunch, which affected him so that he thought it was his leg that pained him (instead of his shoulder). Holmes had taken a 7% solution of cocaine. Holmes's addiction to the drug was (at that period) habitual; but why had Watson taken the Beaune on that particular day? We shall see. It was to screw up his courage for an imminent ordeal.

* *

Let me digress a moment, at the risk of repeating matter familiar to all genuine Holmesians, to note a few of the outstanding anomalies which must be reconciled. The case of the *Noble Bachelor* is dated (by the hotel bill, the high autumnal winds, and the age of Lord St. Simon) as October 1887. This, Watson says, was "a few weeks before my own marriage." And the somewhat elastic time-allusions in the *Stockbroker's Clerk* also imply that the wedding took place late in the year. On the other hand both *The Crooked Man* and *The Naval Treaty* distinctly suggest that the marriage was in the spring or early summer.

How may these contradictions be reconciled? Surely not by the assumption that good old methodical Watson ("the one fixed point in a changing age") was simply careless or muddled. Watson wove a tangled web in his chronology because he was deliberately trying to deceive. Why not adopt the reiterated thesis of the master himself: when you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, *however improbable,* must be the truth. The truth must be that Watson had contracted a secret marriage with Mary Morstan, some time before the adventure of *The Sign of Four*. His allusions are perfectly comprehensible if we realize that he is sometimes referring to the actual date of that union; and sometimes to the purely fictitious occasion (late in the autumn) which he and his wife agreed to represent to their friends as the time of the nuptial.

* *

The extraordinary year 1887 is crucial in any study of Holmes-Watson history. All scholars have noted the exceptional number of important cases assigned to this year. Particularly, beginning early in February, there was the business of the Netherland-Sumatra Company which took Holmes abroad. Watson, now in full health and vigor, did not spend his entire life sitting in Baker Street, or even at his club playing billiards with Thurston. How and when he first met Mary Morstan we do not know; probably in connection with the earlier case when Holmes was "of some slight service" to her employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester. (I like to think, incidentally, that Mrs. Forrester's "tranquil English home," with the stained glass in the front door, the barometer and the bright stair-rods, was in Knatchbull Road, Camberwell, for which Boucicault named the villain in *After Dark*.) At any rate, both Watson and Miss Morstan were lonely and financially insecure. Their romance was immediate, but both were afraid to admit it to their associates. Miss Morstan would lose her position; Watson would incur the annoyance of the misogynist Sherlock.

I will be as brief as possible, for once this hypothesis is grasped, all experienced Watsonians will observe the wealth of corroborating circumstances. Let us reexamine the chronology of the year 1887.

First of all, we cannot accept Mr. Roberts's conclusion that *The Sign of Four* belongs to 1886. The facts are positive: Mary Morstan had received six pearls, one every year, beginning in May '82. She calls that "about six years ago"; in reality it was only just over five years, but she thought of it as six because she had that number of pearls. Also she says her father disappeared in "December 1878—nearly ten years ago." From the beginning of the year '87 her grieving heart would naturally think of the bereavement as in its tenth year. Even in her sorrow her precise mind could not reckon it so until the calendar year '87. I accept July 1887 as the date of the *Sign of Four* adventure—preferring to follow the postmark on Sholto's letter rather than Watson's subsequent reference to a "September evening." As for the yellow fog (rare in July, surely?) seen by Holmes, it was at least 7% cocaine. But mark well: we now have for the first time an explanation of Watson's mysterious telegram that morning. He and Mary Morstan Watson, weary of meeting by stealth, had at last decided to break their news to Holmes. The mystery of the pearls, which they had often discussed, was an additional motive. Watson had gone to the Wigmore Street Post Office (as a matter of fact isn't it just around the corner in Wimpole Street?) not primarily to *send* a wire but to receive one. Addressed *Poste Restante* was a message from Mary. She had received the puzzling letter from Thaddeus Sholto and appealed to her husband for advice. He wired back telling her to come to Baker Street. And the Beaune for lunch was his attempt to fortify himself for the revelation to come. Observe, throughout the narrative, how slyly old Watson concealed from Sherlock the fact that he and Mary were already intimate.

* *

Recapitulate, then, the events of 1887. Early in the year, probably February or March, while Holmes was absent in the Netherland-Sumatra business, Watson and Mary Morstan were secretly married. They met as and when they could, but told no one. Their anxious and surreptitious bliss was interrupted by the news (April 14) that Holmes was ill in Lyons. Watson hurried to France, he and Sherlock returned together, and spent April 25-27 at Reigate (*The Reigate Puzzle*—originally published as *The Reigate Squire*). Perhaps this was followed by the matter of the Grice Patersons in the island of Uffa—where *is* Uffa, by the way? But if it is (as it sounds) in the Hebrides, Shetlands or Orkneys, the Grice Patersons would have sense enough not to go there until midsummer.

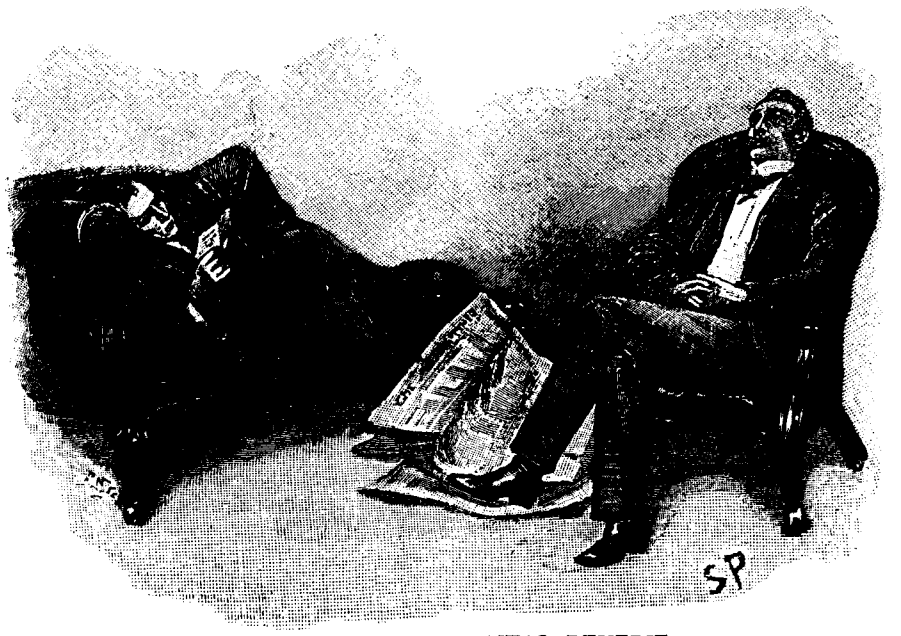
Holmes was in aggressive spirits after the Reigate visit; Watson was gloomy. His secret preyed on his mind; he wrote many letters to Mary. (He had in his desk "a sheet of stamps and a thick bundle of postcards.") At the time of the Jubilee (June 21) it was the shooting of the V. R. into the wall that finally convinced Watson he must make a break. "With me there is a limit," he said in *The Musgrave Ritual*. He made up his mind to take charge of his own check-book, find a home, and resume practice. *The Sign of Four,* coming just when it did (July 8) was a happy coincidence. His anxieties about Miss Morstan becoming heiress of the Agra treasure were just as sincere as if he had really been only a suitor. Since their marriage had been concealed, everyone would be sure to think him a fortune-hunter.

After the excitement was over, the pair went through the appearance of a formal engagement for the benefit of Holmes and Mrs. Forrester (not to say Mrs. Hudson.) May it not have been Watson's now frequent visits to Knatchbull Road that brought the Camberwell Poisoning to Holmes's attention? No doubt soon after *The Sign of Four* Mary had her summer vacation, and she and the Doctor used this for a furtive honeymoon—perhaps in "the glades of the New Forest"; Southsea would have been a little too public. So when the elated husband, narrating the *Five Orange Pips,* speaks of his wife he forgets that she was not at that time known as such. It was not until November that he found a home of his own, left Baker Street and set up housekeeping in Paddington. The *Noble Bachelor* affair in October preceded by a few weeks what they agreed to call their "marriage." They simply told their friends, about Guy Fawkes Day, that they were going to slip off quietly to a registry office. Probably the medical practice was bought as of January 1, 1888.

* *

Sitting on a pile of cushions with plenty of shag tobacco, and following the master's cardinal principle, the preceding seems to me the only possible solution. This chronology harmonizes many apparently conflicting statements. It makes intelligible the allusions at the beginning of *A Scandal in Bohemia* (March 20-22, 1888). It gives sense to Watson's eagerness that Sherlock should become interested in Violet Hunter; how delightful, the Doctor thought naively, if he and Holmes should both marry governesses—and alumnæ of the same agency, for undoubtedly Mary, too, had been a client of Westaway's. When the case of *The Stockbroker's Clerk* came along in June '88, Watson jumped at the chance to go to Birmingham with Holmes. He thought he might be able to persuade Sherlock to run out to Walsall (only 8 miles away) to see Miss Hunter at the school where she was headmistress.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



WATSON IN SENTIMENTAL REVERIE
(Strand Magazine, *January* 1893)

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

Post-Boom Florida

PORTRAIT OF EDEN. By Margaret Sperry. New York: Liveright, Inc. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

THE story, or rather the stories, involved in "Portrait of Eden" are somewhat disjointedly presented, but there is indubitable merit in the writing of this novel. It is not a pleasant picture, but it sounds as though it were a pretty truthful one. One gets a little tired of the soft Southern lingo in which the characters talk, but that also seems veracious; and there is a varied assortment of characters well-studied. Some of the worst aspects of human nature are seen in this ironically named Eden, and the whole tale ends in bitter tragedy. But in spite of the author's tendency toward melodrama, and a fault she must rid herself of, that of the repetition of an originally striking comparison, "Eden is built in the shape of the cross upon which the Lord Jesus is said to have died," and "red birds like clots of blood" (these will do for examples), she can write with powerful vividness. She has a distinct dramatic sense.

The negro John Marquis, who comes back from the north, is the only person who really talks like an educated man, and somehow his speech is not convincing. The religious hysteria of both blacks and whites is, however, well handled, if rather too omnipresent in the story. The good Doctor McIntyre and the bad Editor McFeil—though a little too good and bad—are well contrasted individuals. The helpless Ed Williams is a less obvious character, and more impressive. Nancy Peace, and the abortionist and his wife and daughter, together with the poor desperate bit of flotsam, Eva, are pretty real people. The millionaire who wants to save Eden does not convince us so much. But the interweaving of all these lives, and their various patterns in one fabric, is presented with a laudable desire for natural development. As for the background, the description of the country and the town, and of the generally degenerate character of its politics, religion, and sex life, one does not doubt its general truthfulness.

The present reviewer concedes this novel decided "points," and its author no inconsiderable ability. "Portrait of Eden" is one of those works of fiction that arouse a hope that the author will go on to write even better novels. For at her best Miss Sperry is decidedly good. She knows how to evoke character through dialogue and how to evoke vivid atmosphere in passages of description. And she knows a good deal about human nature, good and bad. She has power over words, but she needs to guard against a natural facility that at times runs away with her into "overwriting." As it is, she has given us a mordantly sardonic view of a *locale* she evidently knows. It is an attempt at unsparingly honest realism, marred by melodrama.

Men and Cattle

RED HEIFER. A Story of Men and Cattle. By F. D. Davison. New York: Coward-McCann. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE American reader will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Davison's little story of the Australian cattle-country won a prize in its native land as the best Australian novel of the year. It has, among other things, the priceless quality of freshness—not merely novelty of pattern (for it is all about an heroic cow!) but that inner freshness which comes from closeness to the earth and deep, strong feeling about earthy things put into simple words. It is a "little" story and yet a "big" story—it has a quality of greatness.

The scenes suggest some of our own mountainous and more or less desert cattle-country. The ranches are on the flat, where there are water-holes or the joining of many little, sparse, down-trickling streams into a creek or something like a river. Down here are corrals and fenced ranges. The herds, for the most part, graze on the open but nearby foothills where they can easily be rounded up, but every now and then little "mobs," as they seem to be called in Australian slang, wander away from the herd to the high country. These "scrubbers" go practically wild, hide like deer in the bush, and although they are forced in the dry season to come down for water, they do so only at night and with all the craft and caution of wild animals. When a cowboy, at round-up time, tracks down one of these mobs, its members scatter into the timber like so many quail and when they are actually caught and driven into a corral they will sometimes, it appears, refuse to eat, and go tramping round and round with their muzzles to the rails or simply stand huddled until the cattlemen, in desperation, shoot them for their hides.

The red cow of the story lost its mother through the latter's drowning in a waterhole when it was still a calf and it only squeaked through to survival by being adopted—a rare thing—by another cow which already had a calf. It dodged the first branding and when it finally was branded on the next round-up, it hurdled the corral gate and ran for it, hot with hatred and fear of man and all his works. It joined a mob of scrubbers and the rest of the story, with brief excursions into the life of the scrubbers, is that of the slow but relentless closing in of "civilization" on the open range, on the scrubbers, and on the red cow herself.

You may think that, with only a cow for a heroine, the author will be hard put to it to hold our sympathy, yet not only does Mr. Davison do that quite completely, he so integrates the life of the red cow with the wheeling of the earth through day and night, the march of the seasons, and the eternal encroachments of man on the virgin wilderness, that—without ever departing from the animal's point of view—his story rises to the stark beauty of tragedy.

A Success Story of the Bull Ring

SHADOWS OF THE SUN. By Alejandro Perez Lugin. Translated by Sidney Franklin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS is a Spanish success story, not far removed in formula from the once popular tales of Horatio Alger, wherein the boy heroes invariably made good and frequently married the boss's daughter. Currito, "The Kid," the young protagonist of "Shadows of the Sun," goes in for bullfighting, instead of railroading or selling newspapers, but the pattern of his life has the charm of familiarity. From the humblest beginnings he rises to the heights of his profession, conquers his last rival and the betrayer of the girl he loves, and finally marries the daughter of the great matador, Manuel Carmona, who has been the object of his worship and emulation.

The American reader who knows nothing of bullfighting will probably make as much of this novel as the average Spanish reader would make of the life history of a star baseball player. But the reader who has suffered even the least infection of tauromania will be fascinated by Lugin's picture of the bullfighter's life. He will forget the banality and occasional false sentiment of the story, and find himself engrossed in the idiom and typical characters of Spain's national sport. Fighters, patrons, promoters, fans, hangers-on, critics, breeders,—they are all here; those who live by fighting bulls, and those who live on those who fight them. They are vividly portrayed, from intimate knowledge, and they speak the language of their kind. None of Currito's corridas is described in full detail, but there is enough technical description to bring back poignantly the sights and sounds and smells of the *plaza de toros* to those who have known and thrilled to them. The struggle for supremacy between Currito and Romerito takes on something of the heroic proportions of the historic duel between Belmonte and Joselito. The fiction—always excepting the central love story—borrows stature from the reader's knowledge of recorded fact.

For one who has seen and admired Sidney Franklin in the bull ring, it is a pleasure to report that he acquits himself as a translator with courage and aplomb.

Youth in England, With a Difference

THEN A SOLDIER. By Thomas Dent. New York: The John Day Company. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN my time I have read a great many novels of the childhood, school-life, and adolescence of English boys and young men. By this time anything an English writer tells me about the English public schools has long since ceased to shock. I have also read some pretty grim accounts of the experiences of English conscientious objectors in the late Great War. It seems to me from the fiction I have scanned in the last fifteen years or so that I know a good deal about the dark side of English childhood, boyhood, and young manhood. And here is another novel about a sensitive boy who fought his way through to manhood encountering much the same conditions that I have already pondered.

And yet this novel of "Thomas Dent's" is different in several ways. In the first place the childhood setting is different. For though a thoroughly English child is here presented, it is in the backwoods of Africa that we first find him. Also, we are informed by the publishers that this is the autobiographical story "of a well-known young English author, who has told his story so honestly that it can appear only under a pseudonym." In the dark forward and abysm of time we may just possibly attain so civilized an attitude toward the complicated suffering of human life that authors can print true stories of their lives over their own names. As yet we haven't. So the pseudonym is quite justifiable. And I am not so curious a person as to wish to spend much time in speculating who this "well-known young English author" may be. My concern is with the merits and demerits of the book as a story, whether fact or fiction.

It seems to me a well-written story, though not a novel of the first class, in which class I should put comparatively few. But it is a good second-rate novel. For the most part it holds the attention and the writing, though of no great distinction, is good enough. The construction of the book is interesting, in that the author looks back upon his former selves, first as Tommy, then as Tom the Second or "The Wuffhum" (a nickname he acquired at school), and then as Tom the third. Each self died at a certain specific moment when the succeeding self was born. In each instance the growth of experience reached a certain point when a revelatory shock of some kind changed, first the child into the boy, and then the boy into the young man. We can all remember similar turning-points or points-of-advance in our own lives. The structure of the book is sound.

The fact that the hypothetical Thomas Dent's father believed profoundly in the wickedness of taking life, and that the child was brought up to look upon fighting as wrong, deeply influenced his young life in conflict with other boys; for boys are young barbarians, and a youngster through a certain period of his life usually has to fight his way. Tom the Second discovered also that he blushed easily, a characteristic he seemed powerless to prevent. He went through his school years as the butt of other boys. But he was also a healthy and manly young human animal. He grew to love poetry, principally William Blake's, and developed a decided literary ability. His sex life developed normally, and the progress of the curiosity of youth in regard to sex is well described. The book will be over-frank in some details to suit some readers; but it is honestly set down.

The Library of Congress, which contains the largest collection of books and manuscripts in America, now possesses a million separate films of other books and manuscripts. Most of them were made at libraries throughout Europe during the past two years. It has been said that scholars may now save a trip abroad by reading the newly filmed works. The library also has several million photographic copies of scholars' raw material.

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BRILLIANT: "It will shock some readers . . . some will find laughter in its pages; others pathos and pity. All will praise the author's literary competence. She succeeds brilliantly."—*John Clair Minot,* BOSTON HERALD.

POWERFUL: **"The book is full of beauty . . . What I care about in it is the enchantment it throws over you, the freshness and clearness of the people in it . . . and it is all done out of a powerful creative talent."**—*Gilbert Seldes,* N. Y. JOURNAL.

APPEALING: "Completely out of the ordinary . . . a story of New England shanty-folk that is outspoken, frank, well-told and very appealing . . . A rich, bawdy, somewhat sentimental, but highly readable novel, Miss Lincoln's first. I liked it a lot because the people in it seemed very human and altogether credible. And grandma herself is worth twice the price of admission."—*Herschel Brickell,* N. Y. POST.

A FIND!: "Run (do not walk) to your nearest bookshop and fight for a copy of February Hill. You may have to. There is good humor, strong, even merciless beauty of utterance, hard brilliance of style in this first novel—in short, everything to put the name of Victoria Lincoln up front with the few genuine finds of the year."—*Charles Wagner,* N. Y. MIRROR.

A NATURAL: **"One of those true naturals which occasionally drop into a reviewer's lap . . . and there is not a single yawn within its covers . . . Miss Lincoln has written this rowdy, ribald novel with that skill and artistry which will keep you palpitating between tears and laughter until you are not sure whether she intends it for humor or pathos, and that, they tell me, is the true test of humor."**—ST. LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT.

ALIVE: "A grand comic yarn, not untouched with pathos, of a scandalous harum-scarum family which lives in a shanty near Fall River . . . as fresh and funny as they come . . . Endlessly inventive, insouciant, alive, this novel is in a class by itself."—THE FORUM.

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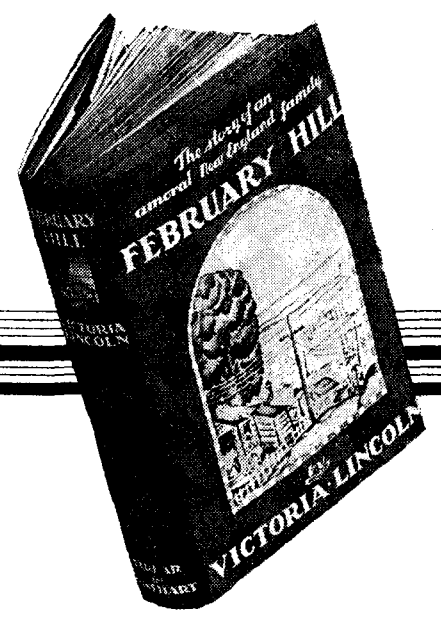
DELIGHTFUL: "It is the most delightful book that I have read in many a day and I wish to heaven that Amy and Grandma were my creations. I go around jabbering about it to all my friends and I intend to give it as a Christmas present. If my friends don't enjoy it, then they are forever off my list."—*Letitia Preston Randall.*



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Movies and Modern History

The other night we went to the moving picture of "Monte Cristo", and came away convinced that we must have a set of the Cambridge Modern History of our own. (And not because we don't know about the Hundred Days, either, though we well remember that when we first read "Monte Cristo" we didn't.)

WHAT THE FILMS OMIT

"It is possible," said Sherlock Holmes, "to attain a striking, though perhaps meretricious, effect, by presenting the beginning and end of a process of reasoning without the intermediate steps." The beginning of our process of reasoning lay in thinking what a good picture it was; as good as could be made; the end of Fernand Mondego was better than the book. But what a lot had to be cut out! How we missed the slow poisoning of the Villefort family, and Bertuccio shivering in the rain of blood, and the old paralytic Noirtier making his fatal revelation with his eyelids! It couldn't be helped, of course; the movies hadn't time for everything.

CATHERINE II

Then we remembered the two pictures we had seen dealing with Catherine of Russia, "The Scarlet Empress" and "Catherine the Great". We had meant at the time to look up the history of it, and find out some things that had always puzzled us—whether, for instance, Catherine governed as an avowed usurper, or as Regent, or as legitimate Empress, and if so, how; but now it struck us that this must be another story like "Monte Cristo", full of good scenes the films couldn't find room for. So we settled down and read the whole story in the Cambridge Modern History. We learned the circumstances of the semi-foreign dynasty, and how it had come about that the Czarina Elisabeth was absolute Empress in her own right. We enjoyed the irony in choosing Catherine as a bride for Peter because she and her father's principality were so insignificant that she would make no difficulties. We followed the disintegration of Peter's character and the development of Catherine's, witnessed the affair with Orloff (who gave her one of the world's great diamonds), the Palace Revolution (and say what you like, we always felt that a palace revolution must involve something besides galloping horses up staircases), and the secret assassination of the Czar Peter. And then, of course, we found that Catherine was only at the beginning of her story, her difficulties, and her greatness.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

We were so fascinated by the *real* story of Catherine II that we went on to read up the House of Rothschild, to see what the movies had left out about them. We went back to the private life of Henry VIII, and then we dug up that scandalous business of Elizabeth and Essex. There is a great satisfaction in knowing what really happened, on the authority of the finest group of scholars who have ever produced a work of this kind, and knowing what led up to the high spots.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Now we come to think of it, we are going to look up Napoleon after all. We know what the Hundred Days were, but we are not too clear about how he managed to escape from Elba. And after that, we are going to get down "The Three Musketeers" and the volume on "The Thirty Years' War", and see what they were fighting about.

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The New Books

Biography

TO MY SONS. By Harold Bell Wright. Harpers. 1934. $2.

This is the honest story of a man of the people who cherishes a forthright sympathy for "the friendless sons of men." He has tried to tell the tale of his life veraciously, for the benefit of his three sons. One cannot but have respect for the attempt.

Harold Bell Wright is one of the most widely read authors in America. He has never produced literature. He has probably never produced a really good book. But he touches the heart of the American people. He has always, as he says, "tried to stir . . . feelings of human fellowship." He is a homespun democrat, and so strongly does he feel the injustices of the present social order that the left wing would like him to become a communist. He is now devoting his time to relief work in New Mexico, and with others runs a sort of clearing-house for thousands of people made homeless by the depression.

Mr. Wright's is no cut-and-dried autobiography, it is the story of those particular times and episodes that influenced his life strongly. He makes no bones about explaining to his sons that one of the things that has led him to tell them something about their own father is "the painful and unhealing hurt" he experienced in the estrangement between himself and his paternal parent. Wright's father was a wanderer, his mother a drudge. But from the latter Wright received much. Wright himself admits that he is a confirmed sentimentalist, but he certainly had one of the toughest apprenticeships to life that can be served out to a human being. When he surveys the world today, he says in his rough-hewn way something we all in our hearts know to be true:

> That this nation cannot endure with one-half exploiting the other half is just as true as that it could not live half-slave and half-free. My generation has created this monstrous situation. It is up to your generation, my sons, to see to it that not only the jobless workers have back their God-ordained right to earn their livelihood, but that the do-nothings and shirkers and grafters who take to themselves the right to live without work earn their salt.

W. R. B.

LIFE A LA HENRI. By Henri Charpentier and Boyden Sparkes. Simon & Schuster. 1934. $3.

Stroll off Fifth Avenue toward the golden Prometheus fountain of Radio City, and along there in Rockefeller Centre you will happen on the Maison Française where one of the greatest chefs of the world, Henri Charpentier, serves delectable dishes. And in the above book you will find his savory memoirs which he has set down with the assistance of Boyden Sparkes. Henri was almost born a chef. He was page boy at Cap Martin at the age of ten. After that his life led him through the Hotel Frascati at Havre, the Savoy in London, the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo, Maxim's, Paillard's, the Plaza in New York, and other renowned hostelries. All the gourmets know Henri. He says he is an essence of all his experiences, and that in his affections and prejudices he is a consommé. He tells you in this book of the Queens and Duchesses in his life, of his adventure with Bernhardt, of the Prince of Wales and Mademoiselle Suzette, how to feed a King named Leopold, of what to do for a bride, cooking in the New World, Belasco's appetite—and, at the end of the book, he presents you, for good measure, with a number of recipes. The reviewer has been fortunate enough to eat some of Henri's dishes at the Rockefeller Plaza. And I believe that he once did serve the moon for dessert. He could do anything!

W. R. B.

Fiction

PLOWING ON SUNDAY. By Sterling North. Macmillan. 1934. $2.50.

A curious fascination exists in the details of farm life; the monotony, the heavy drag, seem, if they are remote enough, dramatic rather than dreary. It is a little difficult not to invest life on a Southern Wisconsin farm with idyllic qualities, especially if that life is seen in the retrospective serenity of the pre-war era.

Mr. North's novel, though it makes a good effort to be real and alive, does not entirely escape this pathos of distance. A subdued air surrounds its people and events, and the atmosphere is never blown clear by any actual violence. Perhaps an occasional patronizing manner is responsible for the flatness of effect. Everything is smoothed down, washed away by the temper of the writing. Incidents and characters, as a result, are impotent to lift the novel clear of the pastoral of church-suppers and bountiful harvest times to a more vigorous life.

Yet the book furnishes pleasant surprises. When Stud Brailsford first appears, in the light of his wife's lantern, hauling his rig through an April storm, the reader is led to expect a lusty, yowling Paul Bunyan of a farmer. Instead there emerges a strong man whose wishes and fancies and material ambitions are real and on a human scale. His defeats and successes wear the aspect of truth. So also with Early Ann, who with her name ought to be pixie-ish, but is not, and who, by the time she has gone off for a week to Chicago, has become a convincing personality. Mr. North's characters have, indeed, sufficient persuasiveness to make "Plowing on Sunday" a novel somewhat out of the ordinary. If he weren't continually having to make shift to develop his novel in serenity, so that the red noise and glare of the war could bring it to an end with dramatic effect, "Plowing on Sunday" would be a better than good novel.

K. W.

THE TEN MILLION. By Mark Hellinger. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

This is a big fat book composed of the best stories Mark Hellinger has written day by day for the New York *Daily News*, and he has written 365 stories a year! That's a unique columnist's assignment, and on the whole he has done remarkably well; but when you gather them up into a book and read them out of their proper ephemeral setting, the truth is they don't stand up as well as one expected. Not that Mark Hellinger doesn't know a lot about New York. He does. He knows about many kinds of rackets, about Broadway love, the old speakeasies, the underworld, a good many famous New York characters, and he has plenty of anecdotal stories with whip endings up his sleeve. He has labored mightily in the tabloid vineyard, and his book has a racy gusto about it. He writes good journalese, and you can read what he writes very easily. You'll get through his book, and it's a large one, in no time.

The present reviewer's disappointment lies in the fact that, with memories of reading Hellinger's stuff as he galloped in and out of the Subway, he expected to find a few stories here that he could stack up against the work of Stephen Crane or O. Henry. But Hellinger isn't as good as that yet. He has a good many variegated plots, but the very nature of his tabloid work has precluded his making stories of permanent quality out of most of them. Still, we advise you to read "Hotel La Touraine," "The Perfect Plan," and several others, and you will perceive that Hellinger has a fast inshoot and a deceptive drop on the ball. It's remarkable to us that he could write stories with twists as good as these in the course of grinding out a story a day. Try that, and you'll realize how phenomenal it is!

W. R. B.

SUZY. By Herbert Gorman. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

A simple formula for the new historical novel, as adapted to modern taste, has apparently been worked out by Mr. Herbert Gorman. To one part of sheer melodrama (as befits a disciple of Dumas) he has added a plentiful quantity of the irrelevant minutiæ of history, and then provided the necessary blending agent by presenting the whole as the romantic and more or less unlikely adventures of some representative foreigner, plunged unwittingly into the alarums and excursions of a crisis. Thus in "Jonathan Bishop"

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a young American strayed lengthily through the end of the Second Empire and the Paris Commune. In his new novel an American girl, never very strongly characterized, is similarly put through the events of 1914 and the war period, again in Paris,—evidently Mr. Gorman's idea of the perfect background against which to carry on his experiments.

Although there are a number of successful passages in "Suzy," and ample evidence throughout that the author has a thorough knowledge of how the war came to Paris and of how Paris spent the ensuing four years, it cannot be said that the book as a whole is well-knit or particularly convincing. Nor does it show any great insight into the psychology of the persons involved, once the excellent opening chapters in London are past. Suzy, whether as cabaret dancer, rival of Mata Hari (again served up with all the customary trimmings), or Baronne d'Eze, is merely the girl with the camera eye, the inevitable historical eye-witness. In creating the profiteer war baronet Harry Bexler, or the socialistic Mahuc, the author has been more fortunate, but they remain secondary figures. Certain of the jumbled suitcase interludes, including a long description of the French War Mission's visit to America, are not only unnecessary but weigh down a story already voluminous and too full of the odds and ends of war-time history.

The temptation is great to compare the machine-made quality of Mr. Gorman's painstaking archeological melodrama with the subtler manner in which Jules Romains is dealing with the same period in "Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté." Jaurès, for example, plays a part in one of the better episodes of "Suzy," but how lacking both in true irony and in sincere feeling is Mr. Gorman's version of the man beside the slight but unforgettable glimpse of him provided by M. Romains! Mr. Gorman, in short, must round out his formula with a strong injection of life-blood, and finally add a healthy dash of humor or satire, before his work can be considered more than mediocre.

T. P., Jr.

THE SALZBURG TALES. By Christina Stead. Appleton-Century. 1934. $2.50.

Highly praised in England, where, it seems, even more than over here, the most meager achievement does not lack its eminent critics to lavish crops of glowing adjectives, Miss Stead's book is a highly artificial performance that shows little more originality than the original idea she utilized, of writing a new "Decameron."

Cast in the same mold—a group of congenial people meet (this time at the scene of the Salzburg Music and Dramatic Festival) and tell stories—executed in a highly self-conscious and "literary" style, the tales bear little relation to each other, and are not intrinsically interesting, either for originality of subject-matter or felicity of expression. Many are anecdotal in appeal, many carry a tinge of the speciously supernatural, some are somewhat humorous, and most are jejunely whimsical. There is a constant effort on the author's part to achieve startling effects through the agency of the unconventional phrase, the incongruous, and the feebly witty, but the end-result is the same—a mild ennui. Those who enjoyed the recent "Seven Gothic Tales," also a frothy confection with little basis in the common roots of human life, will welcome Miss Stead's collection of inconsequentialities.

A. C. B.

Miscellaneous

REFLECTIONS ON MUSIC. By Artur Schnabel. Simon & Schuster. 1934. $1.50.

There are surprisingly few good books on music written by distinguished professional musicians. Berlioz, Wagner, and Schumann added to their ability as composers undoubted critical talents, but the great interpreters have seldom gone much beyond memoirs of the "my trials and triumphs" school. Mr. Schnabel's lecture, originally delivered in England, now translated and published in this country, is consequently doubly welcome, since the ideas which it contains are worthy of the author, and are as intelligently and painstakingly worked out as his version of a Beethoven sonata. With philosophical overtones, it traces the development of music, from its status as a purely accessory art to its present condition, in which Mr. Schnabel finds it "the most independent expression of emotional life." The somewhat vague and lofty phraseology employed may alarm those seeking practical advice on pianistic matters, but a consideration of the aphorisms presented in this little book might well prove more valuable for an aspiring musician than hours of more definite technical instruction.

T. P. Jr.

NEGRO AMERICANS, WHAT NOW? By James Weldon Johnson. Viking. 1934. $1.25.

James Weldon Johnson's book is straight talk on a moot issue of American life: the relation of the races. Johnson is one of the wisest and mellowest of the colored elder statesmen. His life is itself an American saga: Florida country boy, school teacher, lawyer, New York song writer, diplomat, militant leader in the race struggle, author.

His writing heretofore has been chiefly *belles lettres:* poems, including the stirring blank verse sermons of the country preacher under the title "God's Trombones"; anthologies and discussions of the folklore and music of his race; and an autobiography, "Along This Way," which covers much of the history of the Negro both South and North from slavery to the present.

In "Negro Americans, What Now?" he sums up the experience and thinking of a lifetime in a program for his race. Sound sense on the entire subject of Negro life and race relations is crammed into a hundred brief pages. Johnson's English, always beautiful, is in this book vigorous and trenchant, bristling with passages so terse and ringing that they easily become quotations.

Every Negro should read and ponder this lay sermon. White people can get from this short, swift-flowing essay the fairest picture of Negro aspirations, the most balanced appraisal of the Negro's present and potential place in American life.

E. R. E.

WHY NOT TRY GOD? By Mary Pickford. Kinsey. 1934. $1.

It seems hardly necessary to say that this is not a profound treatise. You alone control your own thinking, says Miss Pickford, so think the right thoughts and you'll be all right. And just what, the reader asks, are the right thoughts, for every occasion? But Miss Pickford's idea of God seems to be a sort of universal intelligence on which we can "tune in"; hers at least is no narrowly conventional idea; and one truth she has got firmly hold of, which is that if you try to cast out fear you will be rid of a good deal of the utterly unnecessary unhappiness that afflicts most people.

W. R. B.

Over the Counter

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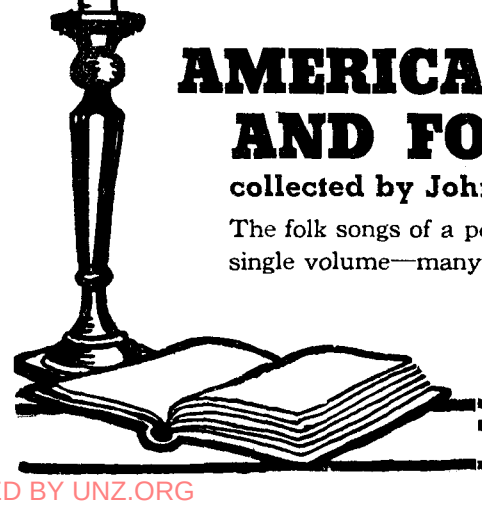

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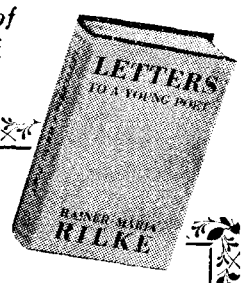

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Environment and Human Activity

(*Continued from first page*)

British history. In other words, a really intelligible field of study—one which in itself contains reasonable explanations of the major part of its own history—is found only when we take the whole of "Western Civilization." Even this, however, can be fully understood only in the light of the parent civilization from which it has sprung. Closely allied to such "apparented" civilizations are certain "affiliated" types such as that of Eastern Europe. The relatively few intelligible fields of historical study which are thus defined may be looked upon as individuals belonging to a species called Civilization.

Having thus established his criteria, Dr. Toynbee points out certain qualities or stages which characterize distinct civilizations. One is a universal church—that is, a church which dominates the whole group as Hinduism dominates India. A second distinctive feature is a final universal state such as the Roman Empire embracing the entire Græco-Roman or Hellenic civilization. No such state has yet emerged in our own Western civilization, but Islam had it in the Abbaside Caliphate of Bagdad. A third stage is a "Time of Troubles" accompanied by migrations, wars, and invasions of relatively rude, uncivilized people. Such times of *Völkerwanderung* characterize the end of a civilization and the birth of its successor, but may occur at other epochs.

Dr. Toynbee's list of civilizations is most illuminating. Two of them, the Egyptiac and Andean, have no known relation to any others, either as parent or offspring. Four, the Sinic (early Chinese), Minoan, Sumeric, and Mayan, have no known relation to any earlier society, but have been the parents of ones that came later. The Sinic has given rise to the modern Far Eastern civilization, with its Japanese and Chinese branches. The Minoan, with its home in Crete, seems to have been the most prolific. Along one line it was the parent of the ancient Syriac civilization, which in later days branched into the Iranic and Arabic. The Iranic includes modern Turkey and Persia; the Arabic includes modern Arabia, Egypt, and north Africa. Along another line the Minoan gave rise to the Hellenic civilization, including Rome as well as Greece. This in turn has bifurcated into the Western and the Orthodox Christian types. All of these civilizations are related in some ways to the early Sumeric civilization, although, according to Dr. Toynbee, this does not seem to have been their main parent. The Sumeric, however, like the Minoan, has ramified widely. On the one hand, it presumably gave rise to the Indic civilization of the Indus Basin, with its Buddhist religion and universal state of the Guptas. This in turn at a later date produced the modern Hindu civilization. Along a second line the Sumeric type led to the Hittite civilization, and along a third to the Babylonic in its own area. Finally, the Mayan civilization of Guatemala bifurcated into the later Yucatec civilization, whose ruins excite our admiration in the peninsula of Yucatan, and the Mexic civilization of the Plateau of Mexico. In this way, the civilizations of the earth are divided into nineteen types, or twenty-one if we separate Japan from China, and Russia from the other orthodox countries. With these civilizations may be put a few others, such as those of early Ireland and Iceland, which have been abortive or stunted. All of these together form the species known as Civilization belonging to a genus which may be called Human Culture. Another species in this genus is Primitive Societies, of which hundreds are known today, and other hundreds have presumably perished. Many readers will doubtless share the reviewer's surprise and pleasure at the way in which this concept clarifies universal history.

Dr. Toynbee next inquires whether the origin of civilization is due to either race or environment. His discussion of race is devoted mainly to disproving two theories, the familiar Nordic myth, and the Diffusionist Theory of certain British anthropologists who think that all human culture originated in Egypt. The discussion conveys the impression that all races, and even all minor groups of men regardless of race, are of equal innate capacity. Hence under the appropriate stimulus, or challenge, to use the author's favorite word, any group of people may rise to the highest levels. The fact that the Black race, alone among the five great color groups, has never produced a genuine civilization is dismissed as unimportant because humanity is still young and no one knows what may happen in the future. Such complete disregard of man's biological diversity scarcely seems warranted.

In the discussion of environment Dr. Toynbee takes the sound position that physical environment alone never compels man to do anything. It offers him a challenge, or an opportunity for choice, and civilization is the result of a series of successful responses. Thus the origin of agriculture and hence of the first real civilization was a response to the especially severe challenge of increasing aridity. Agriculture arose in Egypt and perhaps elsewhere because men were trying to escape from the desiccation which converted the grassy steppes of the glacial epoch into the dry deserts of today. They succeeded only in the great flood plains. The early pioneers who thus met the challenge of the rivers were stimulated to such tremendous activity and inventiveness that civilization arose. Elsewhere challenges of a different nature led to other types of civilization. In China the challenger was the Yellow River, whose floods swing first one way and then another. The tropical forest challenged man to a conflict in which the ancient Mayas are the only group that has ever succeeded. In the Andes still another environment aroused a group of men to conquer it, just as the sea aroused a similar determination among the early Minoans of Crete. Man as well as nature may be the challenger, and the challenges of one group of men to another grow with the growth of civilization.

In his second and third volumes, Dr. Toynbee elaborates the details of geographical and human challenges in relation to the evolution and growth of civilizations. "The conditions offered to men by environments that have been the birthplaces of civilization have not been unusually easy, but unusually difficult—ease is inimical to civilization." The easy life in the rich agricultural district of Bœotia is contrasted with the much harder life nearby in dry and infertile Attica. Hence we hear of "Bœotian swine" in contrast to "Attic salt." Odysseus was at his worst in Calypso's pleasant isle, and at his best in the stern crisis of one-eyed Polyphemus. In dozens of ways Dr. Toynbee illustrates the thesis that the mastery of difficulties is the surest road to progress. At first he does not make it sufficiently clear that a challenge may be too severe, but in the end we see very clearly that too difficult an environment stifles effort, while reasonable difficulty provides encouragement. Massachusetts has forged ahead of both Georgia and Newfoundland, but for different reasons. In Georgia the difficulties of getting a living are not great enough to bring out man's maximum effort; in Newfoundland they are so great as to be repressive; but Massachusetts presents just the right degree of difficulty.

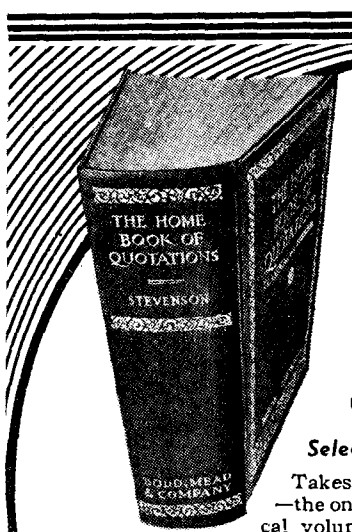
One interesting phase of Dr. Toynbee's study is the relation of migrations to climate. A very full and careful list of migrations outward from deserts and back again in the opposite direction shows a rough periodicity of six centuries. During part of such a period there is a marked tendency to move out from the deserts; three centuries later the movement is reversed. These movements agree in general with the climatic cycles inferred from ruins, salt lakes, and the growth of ancient trees. Certain movements which seem at first to contradict the idea that migrations are influenced by climatic cycles merely prove that human challenges may produce results similar to those of physical challenges. The migrations which are clearly not connected with climatic fluctuations are the very ones that are most fully explained by political confusion which invited invasion. Such recognition of both human and environmental challenges is one of the finest features of "A Study of History."

Another fine feature is the eminently readable character of the book. Dr. Toynbee constantly uses apt classical allusions, as well as interesting bits of modern information and illuminating illustrations from all parts of the world. The breadth of his reading is extraordinary. Some readers may regret that he quotes so frequently from Greek and Latin as well as German and French, but the argument is always clear even if the parts in foreign tongues are omitted. The numerous long English quotations are most interesting and pertinent. One marvels at Dr. Toynbee's ability not only to call to mind thousands of illustrative details, but to absorb the work of others and make it completely a part of his own mental equipment. This makes the book a perfect gold mine for forward-looking students of both history and geography. A work like this, which covers the entire range of history, and breaks new ground in every chapter, is bound to make some mistakes as to facts and still more as to theories. Moreover, the book is so virile that it will inevitably arouse opposition. Nevertheless, as a contribution to human knowledge it bids fair to be one of the most influential books of our generation.

A Theatre Handbook

B'WAY, INC.! By Morton Eustis. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1934. $2.

THIS is a handbook of the theatre as a business. It answers questions like "What chance has a young man or woman of making a living today by acting?" "How do salaries on the stage compare with the movies and the radio?" "What percentage may the dramatist expect from an average production?" and so on. The contents cover the theatre with a union label. Producing a play, selling a play, acting for love and money, scene designing for profit, theatre ownership and management, box-office ticket sales, the organized theatre and a look backward and forward; and its appendix contains all information necessary about theatrical contracts, with copies of contracts for playwrights, actors, chorus, theatre owner, scene designer, stage hands, and musicians, and, in Part II, a listing of theatrical unions, with addresses, fees, dues, affiliations, etc. The book was written at the suggestion of Edith J. R. Isaacs, editor of *Theatre Arts*.



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BLACK MAGIC AND VOODOO

G. L. H., of Montreal, Canada, *asks for a book or books on the arts of Black Magic, Ju-Ju rites, and Voodooism as practised by the natives of Africa and the necromancers of fifteenth century Italy. "I do not mean fiction," he says, "but good authoritative literature."*

IN W. H. R. Rivers's MEDICINE, MAGIC AND RELIGION (Harcourt, Brace) G. L. H. will find a scientific and interesting discussion of various forms of magic as practised by primitive tribes and as it persisted among more civilized peoples. H. L. Haggard's DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS (Harpers) is another volume which vividly demonstrates the beliefs into which human nature has fallen in the course of its history, while L. Thorndike's HISTORY OF MAGIC AND EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE (Macmillan) to which a new volume is just being added by the Columbia University Press is, as its name reveals, a discussion of the arts and rites in which G. L. H. is interested. With special reference to the beliefs of the American Negro is N. N. Puckett's FOLK BELIEFS OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO (University of North Carolina Press). There has just this moment come into my office a volume entitled PSYCHIC PHENOMENA OF JAMAICA (Dial). In it, the author, Joseph J. Williams, takes up such subjects as Jamaica witchcraft, applied magic, the popular belief in ghosts, the poltergeist, etc. This is a documented and carefully prepared book, meant rather for the student of sociology than for the lay reader. W. B. Seabrook's MAGIC ISLAND (Harcourt, Brace), which on pages 7-77 has an account of voodooism, is on the other hand, intended for popular consumption. Not many months ago there appeared a picturesque biography, THE WHITE KING OF LA GONAVE (Doubleday, Doran) which recounted the experiences of a young Polish-American from the coal mines of Pennsylvania, who, sent to the island of La Gonave, in the region of Port au Prince, as resident district commander, so won the affections of the natives that he was crowned their king with Voodoo rites. It is a fascinating subject which G. L. H. is pursuing, and one on which much information is to be found scattered about in books of travel, etc.

QUOTATIONS FOR A CLUB PAPER

M. W. E., of Evanston, Wyo., *and a friend of hers are both members of a study club which has descended upon them with demands for quotations from an American philosopher and an American humorist. The local library, according to M. W. E., does not have any books by modern philosophers or humorists, and consequently she and her friend find it difficult to secure the desired quotations.*

I'm delighted that M. W. E. has given me this opportunity of calling attention to a book which no well-planned library should be without—Burton E. Stevenson's HOME BOOK OF QUOTATIONS, which has just come from the press of Dodd, Mead & Company. There is a book to conjure with, for within its ample size are to be found over seventy thousand quotations garnered from old and new sources, gathered from the literature of all languages and, indeed, going outside literature, to phrases flung from lecture hall or political rostrum. I can see the volume growing worn and limp in publishing houses, as successive groups of editors leaf it through for titles, and bursting from its covers in school libraries as serious young people thumb it for decorative quotations for themes. If M. W. E. and her friend will consult it they will find it fairly oozing material for their purposes. I looked up Emerson in the index, since I thought him the philosopher most likely to be chosen by M. W. E. for her paper, to find an asterisk denoting that extracts from him were too numerous to be listed. A little study of the directions for looking up a quotation, and a little ingenuity in determining the headings under which philosophical or humorous extracts are likely to appear, will yield rich results. If the local reference library does not as yet contain Mr. Stevenson's book, it certainly has Bartlett's FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (Little, Brown) which for years has been a very Bible to those in search of the sources of familiar bits of verse and prose. It is admirably arranged for M. W. E.'s purposes. If, for instance, she does decide to take Emerson as the philosopher from whom she wishes to quote, all she has to do is to turn to the index and find that over eight pages of the book are devoted to selections from his writings. If her friend thinks Oliver Wendell Holmes a good selection for the humorist who is assigned to her, she will find five and a half pages devoted to him. If, perchance, she prefers to take Mark Twain as her example, she will be able to draw her quotations from a page and a half devoted to his work.

FRANKLIN AND RABELAIS

L. P. A., of Little Rock, Ark., *says she has been looking in vain for a complete version of Benjamin Franklin's "Advice to a Young Man in Love," and wants to know where she can find it. She wants, too, to find an unexpurgated copy of Rabelais.*

As to Franklin's admonitions, if the Little Rock library contains, as it in all probability it does, the standard collected edition of the work of Franklin, that by Albert Henry Smyth, she will find it in that ten-volume work. It is apparently out of print, but ought to be found on the shelves of any library of size. Covici-Friede published some years ago a subscription edition of Rabelais—all his extant works—in an English translation by Samuel Putnam, and Harcourt, Brace brought out in 1931 the Urquhart-Le Motteux translation, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Albert Jay Nock and Catherine Rose Wilson. This latter contains the five books of the GARGANTUA AND PANTAGRUEL, THE PANTAGRUELIAN PROGNOSTICATION, LETTERS FROM ITALY, and minor writings, and is illustrated with photographs and reproductions of documents and old prints. From the minor writings the editors have omitted the LIMOSIN EPISTLE and also three pieces of what they describe as "poor verse that a very frail tradition attributes to Rabelais." "Some modern French editions," they say, "still reprint all these, but they do it grudgingly, and with ample warning to the reader that he accepts them at his own risk. Le Motteux translated them, but it is as certain as anything can be that Rabelais did not write them."

SWEDISH BOOKS

E. E. P., of Kingsburg, Calif., *wants to know what is the best advanced Swedish grammar for sale in America, where he can get a good Swedish dictionary, and what American firm specializes in Swedish books.*

To take the questions in reverse order. Albert Bonnier of 561 Third Avenue, New York City, carries Swedish books both in Swedish and in translation, and either has or can get almost anything that may be desired. Bonnier's itself suggests that E. E. P. get Bjorkhagen's MODERN SWEDISH GRAMMAR and his FIRST SWEDISH BOOK. They recommend several dictionaries,—E. Lindgren's ENGLISH-SWEDISH DICTIONARY, which contains over seven hundred pages; C. Moren's SWEDISH-ENGLISH POCKET DICTIONARY, a slightly larger book which presents entire sentences in addition to words, or O. E. Wenström's ENGLISH-SWEDISH DICTIONARY, a stout volume of some eighteen hundred pages. This last is the most complete dictionary to be had.

A RELIGIOUS PERIODICAL

M. C. H., of Bowling Green, Ohio, *is anxious to get a liberal religious periodical. "I have no desire," she says, "for a publication by any religious denomination and I am not concerned about what may be termed orthodox religion. I am more interested in articles which deal with religion as synonymous with philosophy."*

If M. C. H. has ever chanced to read in book or magazine form any of the articles of L. P. Jacks, she will know that *The Hibbert Journal*, edited by him, is a periodical of exactly the type that she desires. This is a review of religion, theology, and philosophy, non-denominational, and containing articles of high calibre by writers of authority and ability. It is published by Constable of London, and distributed in this country by Leroy Philipps of Boston. An American journal devoted to religion and philosophy, and concerned incidentally with present-day problems is *The Christian Century*, an undenominational weekly, edited by Charles Clayton Morrison, and published by the Christian Century Press, Chicago.

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A condensed list of the outstanding titles of 1934
(continued from page 375)

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Marginalia

AMHERST COLLEGE'S collection of Wordsworthiana has been augmented by the gift by Mrs. James B. Clemens of New York of fifteen holograph manuscripts and various rare books, including a copy of the excessively rare first (London, 1793) edition of "An Evening Walk." . . . Unexpectedly, therefore expectedly, Gertrude Stein names among "Recent Books I Have Liked" in the *New York Herald Tribune Books* Frank R. Stockton's "The Captain's Toll Gate" which, in first edition at least, contains an excellent bibliographical list of Stockton's writings. . . . Stockton's first publication was "A Northern Voice for the Dissolution of the Union" (New York, 1861), apparently a pamphlet, and certainly a great rarity, which is described as "an attempt to avert the impending conflict between the States by suggesting a form of compromise." . . . The Baker Memorial Library at Dartmouth will be the respository of a collection of documents concerned with pre-Soviet Russia which will be assembled by a committee of prominent czarist Russians now in the United States. . . . Certain copies of Louisiana State University's daily *Reveille* ought to make worthy additions to a collection recording the history of the liberty of the press. . . . Réveillez yourself, Huey. . . . Checking the accent of the verb in Spier's and Surenne's French-English dictionary, your correspondent learns that the French say cat where we say dog in a familiar proverb: "Il ne faut pas réveiller le chat qui dort" —or, as Spier and Surenne not too acceptically render it: "One must not rip up an old sore." . . . Asa Don Dickinson of Brooklyn College told a conference of Eastern college librarians about a letter of Longfellow's which an enterprising wine-merchant, presumably, facsimiled envelope and all and scattered broadcast as an advertisement, with the result that at least one copy is being sedulously preserved as the original in a notable institutional collection. . . . The parallel instances of the Byron letter to Galignani and the Lincoln letter to Hahn come instantly to mind—both innocently-fashioned reproductions which there have been hundreds of equally innocent attempts to dispose of as authentic. . . . The whole subject was entertainingly and authoritatively discussed in the "How Do You Know It Is Genuine?" chapter of Thomas F. Madigan's "Word Shadows of the Great" (New York, 1930). . . . These not too expert eyes have beheld in a famous university collection of (let us miscall it) Frankliniana a palpable and blatant forgery housed in a glass case and reposing among some of the finest Franklin material extant. . . . This is not to patronize librarians—their special training can hardly extend in general to the acquisition of high technical proficiency in the detection of forgeries or facsimiles—but until every institution can include an expert in the field the library's main reliance must be, and ought to be, the rare-bookseller and autograph dealer. . . . Franklin P. Adams proclaims from his Conning Tower: "I had liefer that the Clements Library be in Ann Arbor than that the football team should win a game in 1935." . . . This department hereby offers seven to two that the Clements Library will stay in Ann Arbor and that Michigan will win another game in 1935. . . . Nineteen thirty-five, in addition to marking the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, will be the semi-centennial of "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." . . . Last year 126,935 books were added to Harvard University Library, and cash gifts totaled $111,306. . . . Harvard's 3,602,040 volumes make it the largest university library in the world. . . . A Cleveland collector specializes in first editions of books of quotations. . . . If he ever enlarges his field to include books in which phrases born to be great first appeared he must find room for Harold Frederic's "The Damnation of Theron Ware" (Chicago, 1896), where your correspondent was thrown out of his stride by confronting "You must come up and see me some time."

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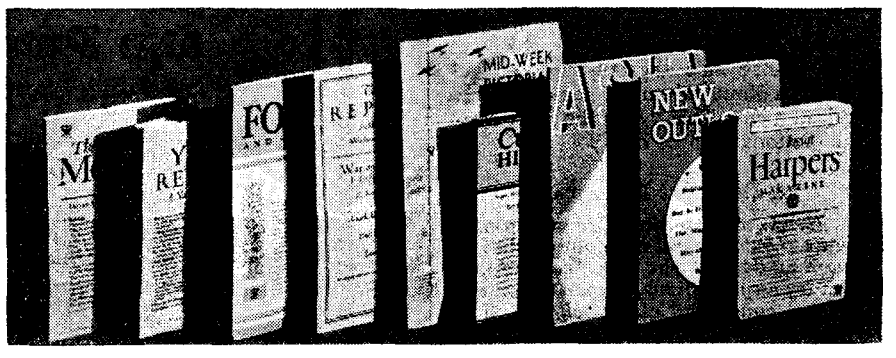

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PERSONALS

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YOUNG woman must obtain passage to England, after Christmas. Will do anything within reason. Qualified to act as companion, do secretarial work, research, or simply smooth the path of the harassed traveller. Box 133-A.

TIRED of depression jobs, secretarial assistant seeks worthwhile position publishing, publicity, radio, films, similar field. Well educated, sound judgment, attractive personality, excellent stenographer, unusual references. Box 134-A.

Double-Crostics: Number 38

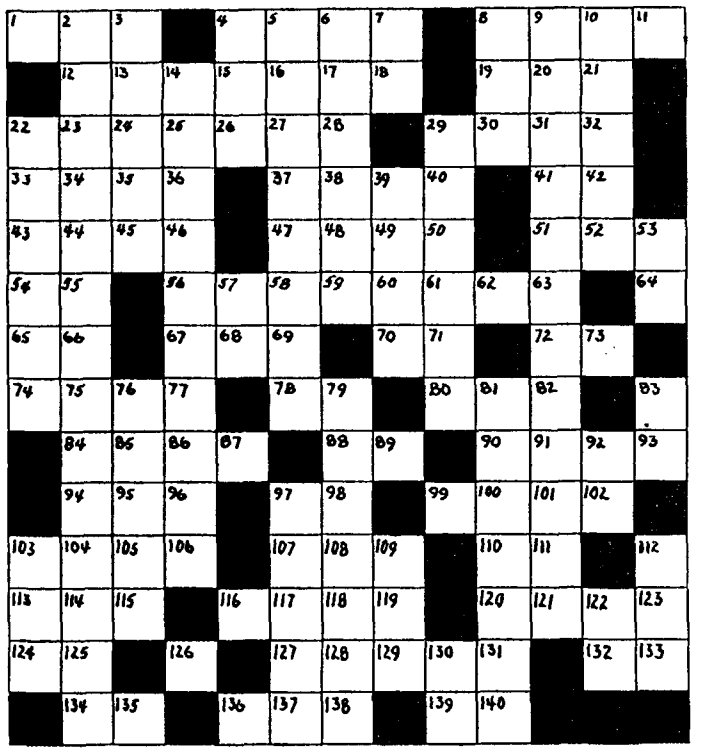
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 23-139-72-75-52-5-129-62-13. Solo accompaniment in music.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 40-9-44-12. Texture of a fabric; cloth.	_ _ _ _
III. 35-86-98-138-118. To disintegrate gradually.	_ _ _ _ _
IV. 60-91-38-15-76-42. A European country.	_ _ _ _ _ _
V. 41-100-105-30-122-54-130-110-78-117-7. Public proclamations.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 65-26-14-57-106-43-49. Direct of purpose; serious.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 124-63-114-104-10-97. Uprising against authority.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 3-88-80-45-140-21. Took place in consequence.	_ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 18-87-4-11. There's a new one in Washington.	_ _ _ _
X. 47-119-39-68-131. Devoid of sense or intelligence.	_ _ _ _ _
XI. 31-113-22-58-102-132-67. Smooth lustrous silk.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 2-19-79-92-71-29-125-69. Tormented, acutely distressed.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 1-133-53-70-50-90. Primitive percussion instrument.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 34-111-123-134-46-95-36. Rowdy, street tough.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 121-64-66-24-136-20-74-93-37. Kept at a distance.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 25-8-107-51-32. Violent rage; vengeance.	_ _ _ _ _
XVII. 16-109-77-83-127-33. Victim of a bad habit.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 108-135-81-112. Grandson of Methuselah.	_ _ _ _
XIX. 103-59-84-6. To cut up into squares.	_ _ _ _
XX. 73-48-82-126-101-115. A vegetable used in salads.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 27-85-116-120-56. A Jewish interpreter of the law.	_ _ _ _ _
XXII. 128-94-89-137. Poetic for an African tree.	_ _ _ _
XXIII. 17-66-28-61-55-99. A pungent edible root.	_ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 37)

CHAUCER—"THE CANTERBURY TALES"

But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
. . . . . .
Benigne he was and wondur diligent,
And in adversite ful pacient,
But Criste's lore and his Apostles Twelve
He taughte and ferst he folwed it himselve.

ATTENTION, PLEASE—Are these puzzles getting too hard for you? Too easy? We strive to please and can think of no better way to establish a happy medium than the simple expedient of asking you to write your vote on a postal card to DOUBLE-CROSTICS, c/o *The Saturday Review*, 25 W. 45th Street, New York City. Yes, the votes will be counted.

PERSONALS

YOUNG man will act as companion, attendant guard, assistant, etc., in exchange for accommodation. He is healthy, 36, Irish-American, weight 190, height 6 foot, presentable. He is an ex-marine, with a weakness for good literature and allied subjects. Box 135-A.

REFINED young man seeks benefactor to complete college. Inquiries solicited. Box 136-A.

WANTED:—Position as manager of country or mountain estate. Fourteen years' practical working experience as executive, accountant, electrician, salesman, dairyman, poultryman and woodsman. University trained. Competent to supervise and work. Fully reliable. Good references. Reasonable wages. Age 37. Married. One daughter. Box 137-A.

YOUNG woman desires position as housekeeper to businessman or woman, or refined Protestant motherless home, two children. Suburbs preferred. Would be companion, secretary; capable, intelligent. Box 138-A.

CHARMING and youthful private secretary who is efficient typist and stenographer wishes position, not necessarily secretarial, with someone travelling South—or living there. Would cheerfully consider lengthy voyage or other travel. This ad was written by employer of last eight years and therefore is not self-praise. Box 139-A.

WILL some Petruccio write to Katherine? 55 Shepherd Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ROXANNE:—Does blue silk also charm? Gissing.

C. K. wishes each member of her friendship Club the very happiest of holidays. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

TO RENT: Unfurnished living room, northern and southern exposure, small kitchen, in pent house, facing East River. Rent reasonable. Address Pent House 15—333 East 43rd Street, Manhattan.

SPEND CHRISTMAS vacation in old college town. Rates reasonable. Box 773, Lexington, Virginia.

TALL CHICAGOAN to dance with Cinderella. Over thirty, since men begin at thirty to be interesting. Gigolos, marital-tied males unacceptable. Cindy.

PERSONALS

PERSONABLE young lady, 25, diversified interests, would like to meet or correspond with gentleman. Felicity.

WANTED—Particularly this Christmastide, comradeship not dictatorship of man, in thirties, appreciates sincerity; interests varied: hobby, winter sports, likes people. "Joan."

ATTENTION LITERATI! Mrs. McKean's Restatorium, 10 miles from Hartford at South Glastonbury, Conn. Tenth year. An ideal place to rest in cultured, homelike surroundings. Graduate nurse cares for convalescents. Write or telephone Glastonbury 392.

WOULD the chimes ring out more sweetly Christmas Day were you the recipient of a note from the hand of "Maid Marian"? (40 plus preferred.)

NAIRN—Sorry you misunderstood. Merry Xmas anyhow. Claire.

YOUNG BACHELOR desires room, bath, New York, good address. Please give full particulars. Don.

PRISCILLA. Machiavelli is more accomplished than you think. You have already been lured into an argument in these columns. Soon, you will be sending Christmas Gift Subscriptions to "The Saturday Review" at $3.50 each. Bertrand.

LET'S HAVE SOME FUN! If a few congenial spirits (masculine and feminine) who enjoy the sun, moon and stars, outdoor sports, dancing, theatre, music, laughing often and thinking occasionally, will tell us something of themselves, we will try to round up a friendly little group. We are twenty-eight, have pleasant homes, a zest for life and a desire to do something about it. What have you? A and B.

LADY wants to make a home for some business woman. Room and board. Box 140-A.

YOUNG MAN, 28, about to despair of ever meeting girl with intelligence, imagination and a wholesome outlook on life. Box 141-A.

CLERK in early forties, waking up with accumulation of ideas, some sociological, mostly minor inventions, would like to meet someone looking for investment in character. Box 142-A.

WANTED: By excellent secretary-stenographer, position in business office. Doctors, lawyers, and publishers need not reply. Box 146-A.

PERSONALS

A BOOKSHOP PROPRIETOR looking for a young college-trained man (now employed, but not congenially), confirmed bibliophile, with ideas and ambition, should get in immediate touch with Box 143-A.

MAN, 38, go anywhere, do anything, expert driver; moderate salary. Box 144-A.

CONTACT—through correspondence—with one who loves Christmas, but will be lonesome. Box 145-A.

Wouldn't some WRITER like to rent for work during the day an attractive studio apartment in Murray Hill section; rental very nominal. Box 147-A.

MAN, tired of chatter and stock market talk, would dine occasionally with another male to talk of books. Dutch Treat. Box 148-A.

WANTED to sublease inexpensive one-room furnished apartment, mid-town East side. December or January. Best care; references. Box 149-A.

J. L. W. Have long letter written answering yours. Explains Waldorf. Where shall I send it? R.

GISSING: I have continued to weave—where shall I send my pattern?

WOULD TRADE December or several winter months furnished steam-heated apartment in climate between Aiken and Asheville for small New York apartment. Box 150-A.

WOMAN (29, Protestant, intelligent, personable), fiendish desire to startle surrounding populace, seeks brief masculine attention (expenses Dutch). Likes the theatre, walks, dancing. No matrimonial yearnings. Box 151-A.

GIRL, attractive, vivacious, good conversationalist, would like interesting new contacts with people (28 to 35) who enjoy any of the following (preferred): interesting discussions, sports, bridge. Box 152-A.

CULTURED WOMAN with clientele wishes whole or part time position in Book Store. Salary Secondary. Box 153-A.

DOES a puppy need a home? Good, well-situated home needs puppy not over 6 months old. Write Blythe Morley, Roslyn Heights, Long Island.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

MOST important to me this week seems the calling of the attention of my readers to a particular and extremely worthy case of a well-known American poet at the present time in desperate straits, both financially and as to her health. Financial relief is vitally necessary in this emergency, as she has books to finish she cannot finish under the present circumstances. I can vouch for the worth of her work and for her desperate need. I have never before called upon my readers for a deed of charity, but I can assure them that in this Christmas season any aid they can offer will serve to set on her feet again a thoroughly deserving writer whose work has in the past brought pleasure and solace to a great many. All contributions sent to me at this office will be promptly forwarded to the poet. . . . Next, I wish to spread before you a letter from *Charles Lafayette Todd*, of this city, because I have a good deal of sympathy for what he says, and still think that certain of the Georgian poets in England wrote a good deal better than some of our modern men. For instance, take Mr. W. H. Auden, whose two front names *Louise Bogan*, in *The New Yorker*, knows. As astute a person as Miss Bogan tells us that Auden has wit. Also *Mr. Selden Rodman*, in *Common Sense*, informs us that Auden is "more complex and profound, humorous," than *Stephen Spender*, and then quotes from an only mediocre, though recognizably modern ironical take-off of Auden's on the "Locksley Hall" kind of thing. To me all this supposititious wit and humor and general brilliance sparks but fitfully through the welter of Auden's obscure and actually bad writing. To me Auden hasn't mastered his job. He has hardly any sense of structure or form, and is incoherent most of the time. Miss Bogan, perhaps wisely, doesn't quote from him at all. It's mortal hard to quote from him and back up your encomia thereby. He is "in right" with the intelligentsia, that is certain. But what of it? He is dissatisfied with the "old gang" and represents radical young English upper-middleclass opinion. And what of that? Presumably he is trying to write "Poems"; that is what his work, quite simply, is called. And if his is poetry, well, as I heard one of our finest American poets comment this summer, "then I have mistaken my vocation."

Well, here's most of Mr. Todd's letter, anyway, and a poem of his; and, as I say, I sympathize with a good deal of it:

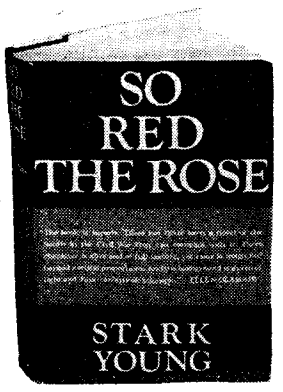
> I realize that I am something of a young fool to be aligning myself against *Osbert Sitwell, Laura Riding, Ezra Pound, Spender-Auden Inc.*, and all those other clever people who insist that a "New Poetry" was born about the time of the publication of "Wheels"; but in spite of this, I seem to go on gaily enough in the fond conviction that poetry died somewhere near that date. *Edward Marsh*, the one-time hatcher of Gray's Inn Nightingales, thanks his Edwardian God in a rather meek fashion that there is someone, however inconspicuous, across the seas, to whom the Georgians are not a dead issue; and this nostalgic confession, coupled with the sudden vehemence of *Ivor Brown* on the subject, somehow sets me a-thinking. My Gael-enamored friend, *Kimball Flaccus*, and I used to sit up long hours debating the subject, and along toward two in the morning we generally concluded by taking out our frayed copies of *Brooke* and *Flecker*, and reading our favorite poems. We then adjourned with a malediction on the heads of Messrs. *Pound, Sitwell*, and *Eliot*, and considered the argument clinched. Kimball has gone to Dublin with a Russian wife, and that leaves me here alone, wondering at times, whether or not the argument ought to be carried further. I somehow feel that there are others like myself who would like to write poems again, if it were not for the fact that we are all afraid of having our necks wrung by the Union Members. Consider the plight of a young modern in love: if he were allowed a natural outlet, he would write a sonnet, mentioning the stars, death, and the firelight in her eyes. However, after reading it over, he would remember that this wasn't being done any more, and so he would show it to no one, save perchance to her. Then again he might be tempted into one of those trick endings— "and suddenly you cried and turned away"—; it might even come spontaneously and without a thought of *Brooke* or *Dorothy Parker*; but sooner or later he will discover that such things are just not done any more. . . . Even the worm has lost his flavor, save with the lady poets who are just discovering him. Obvious! Trite! Outmoded! We belong to the machine age; our minds must think in terms of Brooklyn Bridge (or the Washington), and everything is so much more complex! This, to me, is utter rot. We have been told by a lot of self-made neurotics that we are so damnably complex, and all the while we are nothing more than healthy, slightly bewildered youngsters who would give anything for a chance to sneak off somewhere and be hopelessly, eternally trite. I am sure that there will be no more great poetry until someone decides to be trite at all costs, and that when we have ceased to worry about being obvious, we will rediscover song. I do feel that it is time we called somebody's bluff, and got over being ashamed of the fact that we have concluded an argument by reading *Brooke* and *Flecker*. What of the latter's poem, "To a Poet, a Thousand Years Hence"? Was Flecker seeing with a prophetic eye the duration of sham, and asking us to wait a thousand years? No, of course not. But we feel that way at times. Wall Street, the skyscrapers, and *Bertrand Russell* are not really undermining our natures: we merely think they are. Our problems are no worse than poor, dear old *Tennyson's* when he heard those "ringing grooves of change." *Freud, Havelock Ellis*, and "Sane Sex Life" have scarcely started a ripple among those of us who would admit a real love interest; we merely think they have and say so in our poetry. The war produced a great many Hamlets, and we do not doubt the sincerity of *Mr. MacLeish;* but for God's sake, why must the rest of us tangle up our minds and our verses in the Hamlet world of a "lost generation."

Well, there's one individual of the younger generation speaking. And here is his "Letter to a Neo-Georgian":

I'm coming—O I swear it!—find a room
That's half between a darkness and a gloom,
With walls for Hogarth and a Blake or two—
Three chairs, a desk, an old two-story view.
I've packed my things: some shorts to wear in Devon,
Shoes for Dartmoor, a dinner-coat for Heaven
(Meaning Eddie's), and more that I'll not mention—
English-cut and quite within convention.
You write poems, I shall write a play.
And when we're sick of it, we'll spend a day
In Grantchester where people as a rule
Have never heard of Brooke or Byron's Pool.
Of course, we'll tell them: and the clock will be
Eternally at one with ten-to-three.
The sexton set it right again? . . . but still,
The orchard's there I know, and Chaucer's Mill
A step this side of Trumpington! We'll find
His poem there, and peace and "quiet kind"
Along those banks; and when the sun goes down,
Who knows what ghosts may scamper through the town?
The years will turn to ale, and bottoms up
Till Now and Shall-be are an empty cup,
And Used-to-be gives way to That-Which-Is
In midnight's foamy metamorphosis.
We'll give young Chatterton a ten-pound note,
Go after Shelley in a rubber boat,
Keep Byron out of Greece, John Donne from Church,
And teach the Quarterly what names to smirch!
And in the end, when we have set things right,
We'll go to Gray's and sit up half the night
In wonder at the faces gleaming there:
The speech of Frost, the lamp-light on Brooke's hair,
The wit of Marsh, young Gibson's thoroughfaring,
The hush of De la Mare, and Masefield's swearing.

I'm coming—O I swear it!—find a room
That's half between a darkness and a gloom,
With walls for Hogarth and a Blake or two,
Three chairs, a desk, an old two-story view.

The Best of Gifts for Christmas



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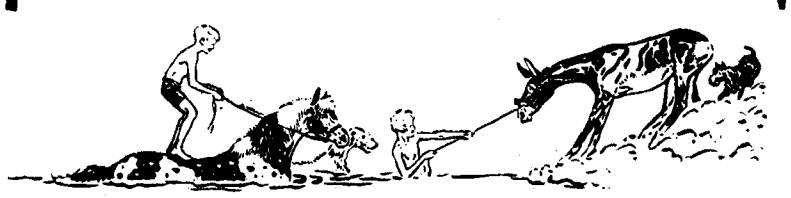

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